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Heavy Apologies Department: Many regrets to Peter Hudson for neglecting to run his name along with his terrific photo of John Waters in the November issue. And additional regrets to Robert Bane Publishing, Inc. They agreed to let us run the Olivia cover (also November), and like the unappreciative jerks that we are, we forgot to run a credit line.

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HMS HOLLYWOOD HELL
TOR'S NIGHTMARE
By DREW FRIEDMAN and JOHNNY LEGEND © 1985
TOR SLEEP NOW.
TOR HAVE DREAM....
THE REAL TOR.
WAIT, ME TOR!
ME TOR, TOO....
YOU TOR TWO!?
NO, WE TOR TOO!
TOR
TOR
TOR
AAAAAAHH!
BELA, HOW MANY TOR?
HOW MANY TOR..?
END

Dossier

In the anguished landscape of the New German cinema in the 1970s, where filmmakers such as the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Wim Wenders, and Werner Herzog dissected their nation's *angst*-ridden psyche, one movie man stood apart: **Wolfgang Petersen**. Not that he wasn't tortured, but with a number of small, low-budget films—from his 1973 debut, ***Either One of Us***, to ***The Consequence*** (1977), to ***Black and White like Day and Night*** (1978)—he created a gallery of characters and their mental and physical environments in a manner so balanced, so intense, and so straightforward, that he earned the reputation of the most "American" among his colleagues.

Unlike Wenders and Herzog—who have always been obsessed with America—Petersen, forty-four, has the dynamic editing and quick, active pace that one associates with American cinema. Of course, with ***Das Boot*** *(The Boat)* and ***The Neverending Story***, which cost $25 and $27 million respectively (and his upcoming $25-million fantasy, ***Enemy Mine***, starring Dennis Quaid and Lou Gossett), Petersen made the most extravagant productions in his nation's celluloid history. With *Enemy Mine*, financed by Fox, he has been officially recruited by Hollywood.

But Petersen—a modest, affable man who seems a bit ill-at-ease in his own skin—has made films about anguish and *angst* that make speculations about commercialism and box-office considerations ridiculous. Most notably, *The Consequence*, which delineates a tragic love story of two male homosexuals in present-day Switzerland, was seen not simply as effective drama, but as a biting social statement. The film was initially banned in his homeland, but went on to become a huge success. Petersen discovered that he could reach a public that was weaned on foreign films while they ignored the local fare.

He also discovered an actor, Jurgen Prochnow, who was to appear in five of his features and TV films, and who has emerged as an emblem of his nation for millions of moviegoers. Prochnow, the star of *The Keep* and the upcoming *Dune*, played the tortured homosexual in *The Consequence* as well as the doubt-torn "good" U-boat captain of *Das Boot*. He has also become the director's obvious alter ego, an observation that Petersen does not deny. "I like his strength and macho appearance, but also his sensitivity," he explains. The two couldn't look more different—the skinny, catlike Prochnow and the round-faced, red-haired Petersen—but the director's words apply to his own work as a whole no less than to his star: his films have guts, but under the well-aimed punch there's a warm, palpitating heart.

—Dan Yakir

Photo Copyright © 1984 by Barbara Rosen

Wolfgang Petersen

HM: *The Neverending Story* is your first fantasy. What made you do it?

WP: I wanted to do something I had never done before, something that would please my fifteen-year-old son, Daniel, who's a film buff and who found *Das Boot* a bit heavy. After three hard years on *Das Boot*, I felt that I, too, needed a break—something delightful that would take me back to my childhood. I saw *E.T.*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and the *Star Wars* films and I was impressed. I wanted to offer my contribution to the realm, to make an entertaining film, which for us Germans is totally new.

HM: How did your countrymen receive your efforts in this respect?

WP: The film is a big hit, but had a mixed critical response. It cost twenty-seven million, which shocked them. They were used to small, *auteur* films of the New German cinema of the 1970s. Already after *Das Boot*, they claimed that it was unacceptable to portray Germans as human during the war. It was a question of form as well as content. But mostly, they didn't want to follow Hollywood. They wanted art, not entertainment. The international success of *Das Boot* helped change that a bit, so *Neverending Story* had a better time. . . .

HM: Next you're going to make *Enemy Mine*, which is also sf, as well as your first American film.

WP: Yes. *Enemy Mine* is very unusual science fiction. It's about a human pilot who is fighting a war in space a hundred years from now. He has a crash landing on a deserted planet, where he meets an alien. They're alone and they hate each other, but to survive they have to join forces. The film is a very dramatic account of what happens to them over a period of three years. But, for me, what's crucial is that it's not action-oriented sf,

Photo Copyright © 1984 by Jeff Schalles

The president of the United States thinks he's Luke Skywalker and can't wait to engage in Star Wars. But, proving yet one more time that this is an absurd universe, **Joan D. Vinge,** who adapted the storybook version of *Return of the Jedi* (and the more recently published one for *Dune*), sees things differently.

Vinge's latest novel, ***World's End*** (Bluejay/Tor), is the second volume of what is called *The Snow Queen Cycle;* i.e., it's not part of a series or trilogy, but is a related work. BZ Gundhalinu (a minor character in *the Snow Queen*), honor and integrity broken, comes to the planet World's End to search for his grotty brothers—and learns very quickly why the place is billed as "The Asshole of the Hegemony." The novel's plot depends on Vinge's own brand of interstellar imagination, in which there are no Edens. But BZ, suffering through agonies of body and soul, does find his salvation. Sophisticated enough by now to recognize that there are only degrees of darkness from which to choose in the universal Dark Empire (read: hegemony), BZ manipulates his discovery of an Old Empire entity (read: pre-lapsarian paradise), so that all of its potential won't get crunched by the establishment machine.

Vinge makes it clear that that's a fuck of a lot for an individual to achieve, and about all one can expect. Our president may have a juvenile imagination, but Vinge doesn't.

—Constance Ash

Das Talk *continued*

but an intimate character study.

I must say that I feel a similar situation exists in my other films. *Das Boot* and *The Neverending Story* are also intimate films, in spite of their large scope. I don't believe in heartless spectacle. Movies have to be based on an emotional core, and in my two recent films I emphasized the story and the characters. I was more interested in the men in the submarine than in spectacular effects in *Das Boot;* and in *Story* I had to make sure that the essential would not be overwhelmed by the special effects and the big budget. It's a story about a shy boy who has difficulties relating to the world and therefore creates the world of Fantasia.

HM: What do you see as the essential in *Story?*

WP: It's about a boy who thinks he doesn't count and is urged to be like everybody else and follow society's rules—to be "normal" and keep his feet on the ground, as his father tells him. I wanted to show that the opposite is true: you *must* have a personal dream; you must open yourself to things and dare to be different and have a strong, individual self. I wanted to show that a little boy with a dream could save the world.

HM: It seems to me that given Germany's Nazi past, your statement would have a special immediacy there—against conformity . . .

WP: Yes, sure. But I believe it's true everywhere. People both tend to conform and are pressured to do so.

HM: Was that your personal experience as well?

WP: Yes. As a kid I experienced a lot of pressure to conform. I used to be an avid book reader, but my special obsession was with the movies. I grew up in Hamburg in a very conservative family—they were brokers, and had no interest whatsoever in art. And I, at eleven, dreamed about nothing but movies. I was alone with my dreams. I was sent to a school where they taught Greek and Latin and where you were expected to go to law school upon your graduation. I hated it. . . . When I told my family that I wanted to be a filmmaker, they thought I was crazy. My father opposed it, and my mother agreed only when she realized that I wouldn't settle for anything else. So, you see, I was on the margin, too.

HM: I think of you as the most "American" of German directors. Do you agree with this assessment, and if so, what kind of cinematic formation did you have?

WP: I'm not really a typical German director, and I never wanted to be one. I was always under the influence of international cinema when I grew up in the 1950s. I especially, but not exclusively, loved American Films—by John Ford, Hitchcock. I didn't like the German cinema of the time. I believe that a film has to entertain and captivate an audience, and not merely delve into itself and be introspective. Film is a democratic medium—it's for everybody—and that's precisely what I like about it. The Americans understand that better than anybody.

HM: I understand that Steven Spielberg saw *Story* and liked it.

WP: Yes. We met last year in Los Angeles, where we were nominated both for the Academy Award and the Directors Guild award. He for *E.T.* and I for *Das Boot*. We liked each other and each other's work. I showed him a rough cut of *Story*, which I had never done before. I felt I could trust him, and I admired his collaboration with George Lucas. He was pleased with the film and had some terrific ideas about trimming it in parts, which helped me. He felt it was different from what an American would do, but found it entertaining.

HM: What kind of visual decisions did you make for *Story?*

WP: I tried not to make the creatures—the turtle, the dragon, the rock monster—a sort of diversion. I treated them as real characters, not as mechanical inventions. I didn't want them to be bizarre and exotic, the way they were in the book, because I felt they had to be closer to a kid's experience—more human.

And then I had the challenge of creating the world of Fantasia. I tried shooting in unusual landscapes in New Zealand, but it wasn't enough. ILM, George Lucas's special-effects company, helped create painted decors, which we combined with real landscapes and miniatures. To create a dream world you can't resort to the naturalistic. The mythical has to be artificial.

HM: Why do you make films?

WP: It's difficult to say. I suppose it comes from my fascination with films as a kid, with the dissatisfaction and frustration with my life that I felt at the time. Films must have helped me with simply living when I was a boy; they gave me courage to go on. I would like my movies to offer the audience something relevant to their own lives, something that would teach them about life.

I know that my films seem very different from each other, but there's a common thread that goes through all of them: my characters always undergo a real transformation. In *Das Boot*, forty-five young men who are full of energy and hope in the outset end up as old men. In *The Neverending Story*, the boy is at first shy and repressed, but finally gains full control and faith in himself. The fact that *Boot* seems downbeat and *Story* optimistic isn't really true: *Boot* is an antiwar statement that hopefully will urge people not to let it happen again. In this respect, like *Story*, it offers the audience an uplifting feeling. They both depict experiences that change the characters and, hopefully, the audience.

The INTERVIEW

Do you awaken from a torrid night's sleep and find your mind confused and muddled? Do you feel depressed, full of misery, remorse, and guilt? Are you dropping futher into the blackened abyss of solitude and self-pity, stretching the rope that keeps you hanging by a dwindling thread?

If this sounds like you—one of the poor fucked-up people of the world (and God knows we all are at one time or another)—I'd like to recommend a less expensive form of therapy than the usual $100 shrink session: try walking into a record store and listening to *someone else's* miserable existence. After all, everyone likes company at times of desperation, and **The The**'s ***Soul Mining*** LP (Some Bizarre/Epic) is an effective—though perhaps voyeuristic—way of exorcising your misery.

There is a bittersweet sarcasm that weaves through the songs on *Soul Mining*, an attitude very true to the character of **Matt Johnson**, who began The The in the U.K. in 1979. Concerts performed there have included a variety of musical luminaries from bands such as Wire, Scritti Politti, Cabaret Voltaire, and You've Got Foetus on Your Breath. By 1982, after some thirteen different musicians had passed through the ranks of The The, Matt decided to disband the group but retain the name. The The's first single, **"Controversial Subject,"** was released in 1980, followed the next year by an album, ***Burning Blue Soul.*** Their first U.S. release was the ***Uncertain Smile*** EP (Sire), and more recently the ***Soul Mining*** album, which combines synthesized strains of electro-pop with a touch of middle-European accordion and lilting marimba.

Matt Johnson seems to find perverse pleasure in mourning over the inner misfortunes of the mind and the outer decay of the world. Speaking with him during a radio promotion tour for his new album, I could clearly detect the conflicting emotions motivating his music. His sardonic sarcasm, playful proddings, and an alluring naivete definitely provide a delectable potion for entering his mesmeric mind.

—Beth B

MJ: It's been five years since I started The The, and I feel I've achieved a lot of the things I've set out to do, and now it's time to reevaluate everything and maybe take a long time off. Or, I could just "go for it"—a vile American expression.

HM: What did you set out to achieve?

MJ: I set out to prove something to people. Like at school I was an academic failure. I always had a chip on me shoulder, and that's why I became a jokester. You do that to be liked, to be recognized, developing that entertaining aspect. But now, everyone's expecting an incredible amount from me. I've proved a lot coming from nowhere for me age, and now I think I've lost that need to prove things. All I need to do now is prove things to myself.

HM: Your music has a very raw as well as romantic quality to it. It's the meshing of those two elements that makes it unique.

MJ: I think that's what it is. On me singles, the A-sides tend to be softer and the B-sides harsher. There's that constant conflict, which I think is in everybody. I always try to use contrast, because you can't appreciate one without the other. Like in England, the last time I performed, I formed a supergroup with about thirteen people in it. Jim Thirwell [You've Got Foetus on Your Breath] was in that, and Marc Almond [Soft Cell]. I just got a lot of me friends together, and we formed these two massive bands—one which was hard, and one which was softer, more melancholy. We did four very successful nights at the Marquee in London—and at one point there were about thirteen guitarists onstage, and we had a fight with the audience. They started throwing glasses at us—I think someone I knew started it. I remember kicking this guy, and Marc hitting him with his guitar and cutting his head. It was horrible, horrible. . . .

HM: So you don't like to promote violence?

MJ: No, I hate violence. I got hit really hard. I mean, in me mind I like the idea of blowing people's heads off—certain people's. . . .

HM: You sort of hate it but you love it. . .

Joyless Chant

Thomas Wolfe said, "You can't go home again"—but **Joy Chant** keeps trying to go home to Vandarei, the world she created as a girl and brought to life in her stunning 1970 ***Red Moon and Black Mountain***. There was a world of awe and wonder, where great magicians and heroes did battle, and love and evil intertwined.

Ten years later she wrote ***The Grey Mane of Morning*** (Bantam), a very boring epic of Vandarei prehistory. All its characters blend together—they speak stiffly, and their personal crises are tied to predictable events in the equally dull culture. The only wonder here is how she could write this turkey.

In three more years came ***When Voiha Wakes*** (Bantam)—more prehistory, and Terribly Relevant. The heiress to a matriarchy where men are second-class citizens takes as her lover a young musician whom she ultimately must free so he can Find Himself and his Genius. It's a short story padded into a book—a tiny human sketch with no magic, no climax, barely likable characters . . . if the *New Yorker* had taken it maybe it wouldn't have been inflicted on us.

Chant's big project last year was ***The High Kings***, a massive Bantam hardcover richly illustrated by George Sharp. The text is an uneasy mix of dry exposition on Celtic culture and retelling of tales of ancient Celtic rulers. Chant's research is impressive, but it's annoying to be asked to take the deluge of facts on faith, without footnotes or bibliography—Celtic scholarship isn't as clear-cut as the editors of this volume pretend. The style of the stories themselves falls into that uncomfortable crack between modern novelistic insight and respect for the spareness of storytelling's origins (an affliction of many of today's fantasists). In trying to avoid the icky-sticky flytrap of Celtic Twilight romanticism, Chant has fallen into T.S. Eliot's Waste Land of broken images with a dry *crack!* She's also guilty of rationalizing and historicizing the mythic—doing it well, but do the old stories really *need* to be cleaned up and reorganized? Who are they being made accessible for, the people who are buying this coffee-table book for the pictures??

If the way home is through these tales—which Chant tells us inspired her childhood fantasies of Vandarei—then there's still a long voyage ahead.

—Penthesileia

The H.M. Filmstrip

Thief of Hearts Squirrelly pieces of shit like this—pernicious subtexts tarted up with slick Hoarywood gloss—always piss me off. Get this: hunky-but-sensitive (symbolic) rapist entices neglected career-gal wife from her wimp hubby who's too busy banging out kids' books to satisfy wifey's emotional/physical needs. Bimbo eventually wises up to schlemiel's appeal, but not before providing us with some lyrical, gauze-shot hide-the-sausage with Mr. Macho. And don't you know she's a better woman for it. Gimme a break.

—ls

Body Double Talk about *subtexts*. Like mentor Hitchcock, Brian De Palma's best cinematic moments spring naked and sweating from his twisted sexual subconscious, and this time out he doesn't even bother to dress them for dinner. *Body Double* is a dizzyingly illogical, deliriously absurd mystery that's *really* about the conquest of impotence (with Frankie Goes to Hollywood as consulting psychotherapists). Relax and enjoy it.

—ls

The Wild Life Like the recent *Revenge of the Nerds* sleazfest, this follow-up to screenwriter/ex–*Rolling Stone* wunderkind Cameron Crowe's *Fast Times at* etc., tries to be socially redeeming with one hand while it jacks off with the other. The requisite number of *Animal House*-isms pop up, but Christopher Penn lacks the screen energy of older bro' Sean needed to pull the flick off (so to speak). Best here are Rick Moranis's medley of hairdos and Ilan Mitchell-Smith's Nam-obsessed adolescent with a serious proto-alienation syndrome. (Extra points for the kid in the Residents T-shirt.)

—ls

The INTERVIEW *continued*

that contrast of male emotions is in your music as well.

MJ: Well, from an early age there's that sexual division. One of me favorite things which I haven't done for ages is crying—the actual feeling you get after it is like a cleansing of the soul. I used to feel high off it. It's weird tracing back—which I've tried to do—tracing my life back and trying to find all the causes of certain parts of me character which have come out. All the different hang-ups, all the different virtues, and trying to find out the causes.

HM: Do you think it helps to exorcise undesirable parts of your character?

MJ: Yeah, it does, because people often cover things up, and they clench their innermost secrets in little fists, so that even they can't pry them open. As time passes, it just seals up. Certain things happen—maybe unpleasant things—that cause a manifestation of certain parts of your character, and the cause is often very painful, so inside there'll be like a fist which covers it up. It does help to exorcise things. It makes you realize why you are prejudiced in certain ways, which is like being your own psychiatrist.

HM: You talk about change a lot in your songs.

MJ: Yeah, mainly internal. I think that if enough people did change internally, then things would change externally—it starts with the individual. When people ask, "Do you think music can change the world?" it's very annoying. It's back to the old folkie sort of thing, that protesting in a song is gonna change the world. But that's just bullshit—you can't define music that way. It's more personal—it can arouse someone and motivate them, and if you can do that to enough people, then you've achieved something. As far as changing. . . I don't know, whenever you talk about this it sounds sort of hippieish . . . I think people should trust their instincts more. I'm trying to help them be honest with themselves, and bring their emotions to the surface. There's a whole range of emotions, but most people suppress many of them, which makes them unhappy. One of the main sources of unhappiness is sex and the whole institutionalized repression that surrounds it. Governments are creating all these fucking maniacs and perverts just by repression—because the more you suppress something the more people think about it, the more it plays in their minds and the more it twists them up. Society is working against nature—authority is in direct conflict with nature, and that's why there are so many problems. They're fostering an incredible paranoia.

HM: You don't seem that paranoid.

MJ: I used to be much more insecure and paranoid. I get paranoid whenever I go to new places. The first time I came to New York, I smoked this grass that was so strong I was tripping on it. I kept thinking I was gonna get mugged, or things were coming out of windows at me, or that the yellow cabs were all after me. Every time I saw a cab I thought it was going to run me down. People make me paranoid—the more successful you get, the more people are attracted to you for the wrong reasons. Money projects a kind of power. I find the whole idea of wanting to be like a person you admire—to look upon them like a god—to be a bit creepy.

HM: That's because you're in an active role and they're passive—receiving instead of giving. Too many people fall into that trap and just expect to receive. That's why television is so powerful.

MJ: I find television a bit frightening.

HM: There's a line in one of your songs about media manipulation.

Matt Johnson feeling cheerful.

MJ: Yeah—"filled with useless information, spewed up by newspapers and radio specialists." There's very little accurate information out there—you have to realize that most of it is crap. Basically, the only useful information you get is from talking to people, from just listening, watching, and traveling. I think traveling is one of the greatest forms of education—experiencing as much as possible. Having a bit of courage to do things. It all gets absorbed into the soul and it all comes out in what you do. Then there's the battle against laziness—trying to remain active rather than passive. I'm constantly battling laziness—it's so easy to fall into that.

HM: You do talk a lot about changing yourself, and about people's weaknesses and the loneliness that they feel.

MJ: Well, ultimately you're on your own—once you've accepted that you don't feel lonely.

HM: What motivates you to get work accomplished?

MJ: I guess that kind of discontent, that feeling of disquiet that I get. I feel a lot of inner turbulence, and the only way I get relief is by working.

HM: What kind of turbulence?

MJ: Spiritual turbulence, both externally and internally motivated. I often feel very nostalgic, as well. I think about the way I was five years ago, a certain purity that I had—a naivete. I like to gauge the change in myself. It's like when you go to a place that you're unfamiliar with, and it kind of makes you turn in on yourself. It's like holding hands with your own soul.

NAHALLYWOOD

Photo Copyright © 1984 by MGM/UA Entertainment Co.

John Lithgow suited up for 2010.

- The maddeningly calm voice of HAL the computer, telling the astronauts he is trying to destroy, that everything is fine.
- Vast, hi-tech spaceships soaring through space to the strains of Strauss waltzes.
- A titanic monolith discovered first on the moon, then floating in space near Jupiter; a rectangular anomaly that looks like the box the U.N. came in.
- Keir Dullea transformed from a young man into an old man into a space fetus large enough to frighten even the most ardent right-to-lifer.

These are just some of the images from Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* that remain etched in the collective mind of film audiences. Both praised and damned when initially released in 1968 (the studio was so antsy about its lukewarm critical reception that it requested Kubrick to trim some seventeen minutes off the original version a week *after* it opened), *2001* turned out to be a movie milestone. It gave the public a new awareness of science fiction's more adult, philosophical side; redefined movie special effects; and spawned a host of imitators that are still being projected and/or televised today.

Now, some sixteen years after *2001*'s premiere, MGM-UA is out to see if it can produce another celluloid classic with a follow-up: ***2010: Odyssey Two,*** based on Arthur C. Clarke's sequel novel. That big, black monolith is *still* orbiting the planet Jupiter; astronaut David Bowman (Dullea), the last survivor of the American spaceship *Discovery*, has disappeared and his craft is now abandoned in space.

A team of American and Russian spacefarers are dispatched to Jupiter in sister ships to both discover Bowman's fate and find out just what secrets the omniscient monolith holds. And therein lies one heckuva tale.

Onboard for the joyride this time'out are Roy Scheider as Dr. Heywood Floyd, John Lithgow as Walter Curnow, Bob Balaban as Dr. Chandra, Helen Mirren as Tanya Kirbuk—with returnees Keir Dullea as Bowman and Douglas Rain as the voice of computer outup HAL.

Special effects have been handled by Richard Edlund (*Star Wars, Ghost Busters, Poltergeist*), with Syd Mead (*Blade Runner*) and Albert Brenner (*Capricorn One*) providing futuristic designs, and physical-effects expert Jim Harmon (*Superman*) supervising "flying" sequences.

Writing and directing this bold attempt at continuing in the Kubrick tradition is **Peter Hyams**, a filmmaker responsible for some thought-provoking productions in the recent past (***Capricorn One, Outland, The Star Chamber***).

In spite of the stellar cast and the top-notch technicians involved, however, one has to wonder: why on earth would any director/writer in his right mind even *attempt* to compete with *2001*'s almost mythological status in film history?

"I never wanted to put myself in that position at all!" laughs Hyams over his participation in this highly touted sf "event."

"I'm a victim of circumstances. I have a lot of respect for a gentleman named Frank Yablans, who's the chairman of MGM. He asked me if I would be interested in making *2010* for him. I said no . . . for all the obvious reasons.

The Hit John Hurt (*Alien, Midnight Express*) plays an immaculate hit man who gets so anal retentive about details that he can't pull it off in *The Hit*. In addition to his schizo victim, Hurt has a jazzy sidekick and slutty hostage to cart around Europe as he frantically schemes up methods of disposal. He'd be pathetic if *The Hit* wasn't so grating.

—sm

The Inheritors Remember when teenage runaways just became drug addicts, Moonies, and prostitutes? The kids in *The Inheritors*, a new German film by Walter Bannert, are brutalized by '80s stereotypes of neurotic parents and are eventually lured in by neo-*Nazis* for lots of creepy sex and talk about "leftist scum." It's a foreign film, so you won't have to disguise yourself when you go to the theater.

—sm

Stop Making Sense I can't decide if I hate this movie because I hate the Talking Heads, because I hate concert movies, or because this Talking Heads concert movie is a fatuous and singularly stupefying bit of business regardless of prejudiced predisposition. But who cares, eh? At any rate, it flops as cinema (only interesting visuals are stage lighting effects and close-ups of David Byrne's singing-skull impersonation), makes a dubious event-document (soundtrack obviously doctored), and follows their last live LP too closely for it to be something the fans are clamoring for. So, other than for ego, why'd they bother? Take this to the river. . . .

—ls

Stanley Kubrick is my idol. *2001* was, for me, one of the most emotional times I ever spent in a movie theater. It had a very great impact on me. Being twenty-five years old and seeing that movie was like getting a note in a bottle that said, 'There are no limits. You can do whatever you want on film. The only limiting factor is your imagination.'

"I had no desire to attempt something that could be compared to *2001* in any way. Frank asked me to at least read the book. I thought that was a depressingly sane suggestion, so I read it. The three things that eventually got me into this position were, one: the genesis of the film was not a motion picture company's desire to capitalize on an old hit. It was based on the author writing another novel . . . having a story that he wanted to tell. That was significant to me.

"Two: the notions in the book concerning peace and hope were so stunning and touching that I began thinking that a movie could actually be made that was *about* concepts that I cared passionately about. The book lent itself to a movie that was *different* from *2001*. I felt that when the lights came up in a theater after *2010*, I, as a filmmaker, would have said something that was worth saying.

"The third reason was that I really like and respect Frank. I felt a little funny about saying yes, though. You know that television commercial with the little kid Mikey who eats cereal because you can 'give it to Mikey, he'll eat anything'? I had a sneaky suspicion that I was offered this because they thought I was a real Mikey kind of guy. I envisioned them going down a list of filmmakers, saying, 'How about so-and-so? No, he's too smart. What about Hyams? Sure, he'll do it.' Give it to *Mikey*."

In an offhanded way Hyams acknowledges that, by tackling *2010*, he is putting his career on the line. If the movie is a hit, he'll be a hero. If the movie is anything less than *perfect*, however, he could be cranking out *Rhinestone Cowboy in the Valley of Cheech and Chong* by this time next year.

"I think one of the prerequisites to making this film was that you had to be something of a jerk to risk it. But I couldn't resist. You very rarely get a chance to make a film that deals with *issues* you feel passionate about. To be able to do that plus have the chance to have the movie be exciting and entertaining . . . well, I really couldn't say no."

And so, after accepting the Herculean task of trying to top what many science-fiction buffs consider untoppable, Hyams—who is known for his freewheeling and often controversial storylines—set about reining himself in, in order to write a screenplay based on Arthur C. Clarke's specifications.

Amazingly enough, he didn't feel stifled by the enforced union. "As a writer, I'm always searching for a marvelous story to tell. When you *start out* with a marvelous story to tell, rather than feeling hemmed in, you actually feel grateful to get a head start on the process.

"I didn't enter into this as an ego thing. I realized what my job was. When you translate someone else's book to the screen, either as a screenwriter or a director, you're acting as a tailor. It's someone else's suit. Sometimes the alterations are severe, sometimes not. But it's always the other person's suit. My mission was to tell a story, visually, that was the same story Arthur Clarke had in mind when he put it on paper.

"A lot of alterations had to be made. There have been quite a few changes from the book, both in the addition and deletion of materials. But I wanted to do everything in concert with Arthur Clarke. It was a real collaborative effort. I made

Crystal Balls

As fortune tellers as far back as Nostradamus knew, the future will either be a teensy bit better, or much, much worse. Novels dealing with the future start at this dichotomy and present either quiet visions of technological wonder and utopian grace, or vivid technicolor glossies of death and destruction with survivors so horrible they make Attila the Hun look like Popeye.

Mike McQuay's latest, ***Jitterbug*** (Bantam), is a rip-roaring thriller of the latter sort supposing an extraordinarily-deadly herpes virus—the "Jitterbug"—which the Saudi Arabians have secreted in every postholocaust gas station left on earth, and are now threatening to unleash unless they receive heap big piles of "plastic." Through several seamlessly crafted turns of events, an outsider named Olson stumbles into highest corporate responsibility for Orleans, the largest remaining city in the old USA, and begins an off-the-wall war of retribution against the Saudis and their corporate henchmen. The book is a *scream*—very hip, and deadly on-target about office politics and geopolitical behavior. McQuay has dished up a delicious web of action and deceit that never takes itself too seriously as Olson, the *aw-shucks* outlander homeboy, fights for truth, justice, the American way, and his sexually preprogrammed girlfriend. No one should miss this.

Less filled with campy good times is **John Calvin Batchelor's *The Birth of the People's Republic of Antarctica*** (Penguin), a tiresome and bloated piece of "art" taking great gobs of pop culture, Beowulf and Norse legend, homeless wanderers, and *bourgeois* religious ethics to serve up a lead-filled "epic" that sinks somewhere off the Falkland Islands with the end of "like-as-we-knew-it." Batchelor, author of the unforgettably bad *The Further Adventure of Halley's Comet*, has taken a workable concept—what happens in the not-too-distant future when the earth is gripped with powerful xenophobic revulsion and all nations evict foreigners—and turned it into a National Geographic special pumped full of nitrous oxide, complete with a dreadfully self-important glossary of unmfamiliar terms for your listening pleasure. Go see *Ghostbusters* instead.

Even more distasteful is a **Harry Harrison** hatchet-job called ***West of Eden*** (Bantam) that does this look-into-the-future stuff one better by extrapolating on a drastically different past—where dinosaurs have survived to become man's chief evolutionary competitors (with hands and everything!). This is another wonderful premise filled with the best potentials of truly significant speculative fiction, but Harrison has castrated it into *Dino the Dinosaur Battles Tarzan the Apeman for the Fate of the Earth*, a 481-page hardbacked sleeping pill complete with yet another self-important glossary. Skip this one too; if you leave it in one place too long it attracts flies.

Me, I'm waiting for the next Mike McQuay rock-em, sock-em thriller.

—Gus Patukas

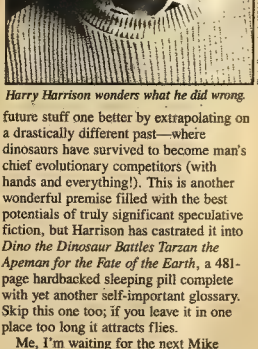


Photo Copyright © 1984 by Jerry Bauer

Harry Harrison wonders what he did wrong.

Astronaut David Bowman (Keir Dullea) is still trying to get HAL to open the pod bay doors.

no changes without consulting him."

The twosome began a fairly unique means of collaboration during *2010*'s formative period. They exchanged thoughts and revisions via computer between Hyams's office in Culver City, California, and Clarke's home base in Sri Lanka, fourteen time zones away. The electronic union proved very productive.

Says Hyams, "Arthur C. Clarke's mind is astoundingly fertile. If you talk about plowing fertile fields, his mind is Iowa.

"Clarke is very funny, very sweet. He's lovely to work with. He was like my father. He praised me when he thought I deserved it, and slapped me across the wrist when he thought I was behaving like a jerk."

Aside from adapting a best-seller to the screen, Hyams's job as head of the *2010* team was made even more ticklish by the production schedule tossed his way by MGM.

"The schedule would have made me crazy if I hadn't been crazy to begin with," he says, downplaying the seriousness of the situation. "Really. This film was an enormous act of faith on the part of MGM. When Frank Yablans said, 'I would like you to make this film,' he also said, 'I would like it in theaters Christmas of 1984.' That meant that, from the time I said 'Yes'—before I even had a screenplay—I had seventeen months to deliver a finished picture.

"To do that we had to radically change the normal process of making films. The preproduction period was topsy-turvy. I had to have the film designed as I wrote it. I had to have the film *built* as I wrote it. I had to start the optical effects as I wrote it. There wasn't a preproduction, production, and postproduction period. Everything was going on at once.

"As a result I had to commit to very specific things from the outset: angles, length of shots, certain effects. I had to have them down before I even *wrote* the sequences. Then I had to live with those decisions eight months later when I was actually filming. That was the only way to get the film done on that time schedule.

"It was also the only way to make the film on the amount of money I had. I thought it was important for me to make a visually breathtaking movie for the budget that was given me and not go over. I'm not allowed to say what the budget was, but I *can* say that it is surprisingly low. It is literally half the amount of money of a couple of other films that are opening around the same time." (Read: *Dune*.)

Once production began—on February 6, 1984—following nine months of both writing and effects filming, the pressure eased somewhat. "This is such a *different* story," says Hyams, "that none of us felt the pressure on the set of having to surpass the original movie. This story is about 'making contact.' It's more of an action film than a philosophical one. It's constructed like a thriller. It's emotional. It's fast-paced. It's pyrotechnic. Its tone is very different than the first film. Its focus is a small group of people and those characters are very, very accessible. They are good, good roles.

"The actors appreciated it. They knew that they would stand out in the film, despite the fact that the movie is physically elaborate. We cast actors whose personalities are so great that there was no way they could be overshadowed or dwarfed by the scope of the film. The mood on the set was very positive, very exciting.

"That's not to say that we didn't have difficulties. This film has been a logistical nightmare. We used every state-of-the-art trick around. Sets had to be turned over when people were in them. Bob Balaban had to dangle from a crane for hours when he entered HAL. Every possible kind of optical and physical effect you can name was used. People were weightless. Casual scenes were played against forty-five different monitors that all had to be programmed and sequenced. The sets were all elaborate. I can't think of any *one* thing that made me crazy. Everything did.

"The funny thing is that I never got discouraged. There was never a question of 'Can I pull this off?' The question always was, 'Can I make this film as well as I want to make it?' That was the ongoing battle. You start out with the perfect film in your head and, then, it passes through a series of filters which, essentially, are your own limitations. It goes from your head to reality, which is always a big fall. What you try to do is aim impossibly high so that, even when the film falls, your expectations were so high to begin with that the movie still comes out to be something you can be proud of.

"I can't discuss this movie objectively. I never like what I do. I always look at a scene and, no matter how wonderful people say it is, I only see the things that are wrong or the things that I *could* have done or the things I could have taken out. If left alone, I'd probably be making ninety-second movies. I wind up in strange arguments with the studio and my editors. I always want to take more things out of my movies than they do. I figure as long as those arguments continue, I'm on the right track."

With *2010* now a pipe dream come true, Hyams can relax and look to his own future. The funny thing is, at this point he can't envision what he's going to do next. "I have *lived* this movie for the past year and a half. I haven't thought of anything else. It's driven my family to distraction. I've been on a quest with this film. I want this film to be *so* good that those people going to see this movie with high expectations won't be let down, so good that Clarke and Kubrick don't feel disappointed.

"It's such a bizarre responsibility to do a movie like this. I know a lot of people will walk into the picture thinking, 'Okay, buster. This better be good.' I whined to Arthur once and said, 'I feel like the custodian of everyone's expectations.' You can't escape that feeling, ever. I'm still totally preoccupied with *2010*. I'm still holding my breath to see if the old fans will respond positively.

"Yet, I also want this movie to be so good that people who've *never* seen the first movie will like it. I want it to stand on its own."

With MGM pouring advertising dollars into a publicity campaign that will surely make *2010* one of the most visible films of the year, Hyams calmly reflects on his new science-fiction *cause célèbre* and says with a shrug, "I'd like people to know that you don't have to be a card-carrying member to see this movie. Anybody can make this trip."

—Ed Naha

2010 director Peter Hyams hears the monolith beckoning.

THE METAL PROJECTOR

Poised to join such luminaries as Big Foot and the Loch Ness Monster, Mokele Mbembe is ready for his close-up. He's ***Baby,*** based on the actual legend (supported by both *National Geographic* and the Smithsonian) of brontosaurs surviving in the black heart of Africa's Ivory Coast. On screen he's in a tug-of-war between a mad scientist (**Patrick McGoohan**) out for personal fame and gain, and the sexy couple who discover him—researcher **Sean Young** (Harrison Ford's replicant lover in *Blade Runner*) and her sportswriter husband **William Katt** ("The Greatest American Hero"). This Disney picture is reportedly a warm human comedy, but don't let that interfere with your enjoyment of the beast itself—Baby is the under-wraps progeny of SFX veterans of movies like *The Black Hole, Close Encounters, King Kong*, and *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. . . . The "hip hop" culture, copiously studied in films like *Wild Style, Beat Street*, and *Breakin'*, rages on with ***Electric Bugaloo Is Breakin' 2***, and ***Fast Forward***. The latter is from *Flashdance* executive producer Jon Peters and director **Sidney Poitier**. What's next, *Beach Breaker Bingo?* . . . Monty Python alumnus **Terry Gilliam** says that next month's ***Brazil*** is the second chapter of the *Time Bandits* trilogy. *That's* news. Written by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard (*The Real Thing*), and Charles McKeown, *Brazil* is very *1984*-esque. In a futuristic Christmas setting, **Robert DeNiro**, as a terrorist, and Jonathan Pryce (*Something Wicked . . .*) rebel against the omnipresent government, the "Ministry of Information." It's funny, Gilliam says, but kinda depressing. . . . He's kept his semidead wife alive in a test tube for thirty years—no *wonder* **Mariel Hemingway** is able to seduce **Peter O'Toole** in ***Creator***. Directed by Ivan Passer (*Cutter's Way*), *Creator* was written by Jeremy Leven (from his novel), who is a Yale professor of brain chemistry. Filmed in and around the University of California, *Creator* features real-life med-school computers and mice under the technical advice of Dr. David Carlberg (the professor who earned his tenure on *E.T.*). Cast includes **Vincent Spano** (*Alphabet City*) and **Virginia Madsen** (*Electric Dreams*). . . . ***Stripper,*** **Jerome Gary**'s documentary on girls who can't keep their clothes on (February 1984 *HM*), is at long last in major distribution. So, keep your eyes peeled. . . . *Jaws* producers Zanuck and Brown, with their current fantasy epic *Cocoon* in production, are in the midst of a teenage talent hunt for ***Ronnie Finkelhof, Superstar***. They're looking for an actor with maximum rock-star appeal—i.e., the Monkees—for an ultra video/soundtrack/movie package. . . . Speaking of *Cocoon*, both Tyrone Power's son (named, what else, **Tyrone Power, Jr.**) and **Tahnee Welch**, the supermodel daughter of Raquel, have been cast.

In other superstar offspring news, Anthony's son **Aidan Quinn** (*Reckless*) has been added to *Desperately Seeking Susan* opposite video bimbette Madonna. . . . **Rob Reiner** follows up his *Spinal Tap* directorial debut with ***The Sure Thing,*** about a young boy facing that profound choice between girls and BBQ potato chips. . . . Killing for the fun of killing. Are you ready for a little ***Bloodshed?*** Although we personally haven't had the pleasure, this movie supposedly makes *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* look like a grammar school hygiene film. The son of an evil cult leader is abandoned and then raised by a Vietnam vet. The logical outcome of this premise is a murder rampage in which *painstaking* detail is given to buzz-saw pube trims, pedicure wipeouts, and every other imaginable variation of celluloid slaughter. Get out your handkerchiefs. . . . Speaking of splatter, youngblood *Evil Dead* director **Sam Raimi** returns soon with ***The XYZ Murders*** This one sounds a tad more tame than *Dead:* a video security expert and his blond bombshell gal are on the run from contracted killers. **Louise Lasser** (Mary Hartman) costars as a peeping tomboy. . . . And now for some happy news. Hanna-Barbera is preparing forty-one brand-new episodes of "***The Jetsons***"! . . . A screen version of ***Dick Tracy*** will come along after all, with director **Walter Hill** (*Streets of Fire*), and accomplished hard-boiled dick **Warren Beatty** as its star. The movie may have to wait until Beatty directs his current project: a film of the ***Edie*** psychedelic soap. **Molly Ringwald** (*Spacehunter, Sixteen Candles*) as Andy Warhol's "superstar" and pet groupie strikes us as superb casting. . . . **Roger Corman** has hooked up with two South American moguls to help expand their Buenos Aires studios and, in the process, coproduce at least four movies with them. The first, Corman says, is something called *Condor*. . . . What kind of title is ***duBEAT-e-o?*** It's the name of a psychotic director whose rough cut of a film starring **Joan Jett** *must* be delivered to its backers in thirty-one hours—or he'll be decapitated. So he chains his film editor—a cough-syrup addict played by L.A. punk Derf Scratch—to the editing table. They say it's violent, offensive, tasteless, raunchy—what higher goals can you shoot for?

—Steven Maloff and Ed Naha

Photo Copyright © 1984 by Buena Vista Dist. Co., Inc.

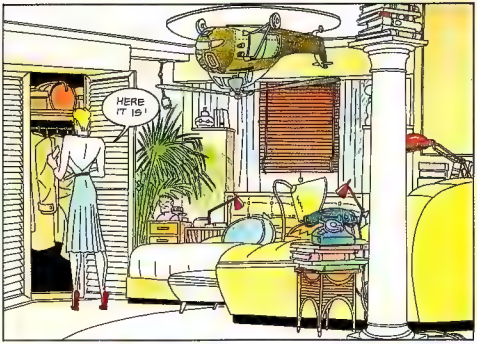
A prisoner no more, Patrick McGoohan plays a mad scientist in Disney's **Baby.**

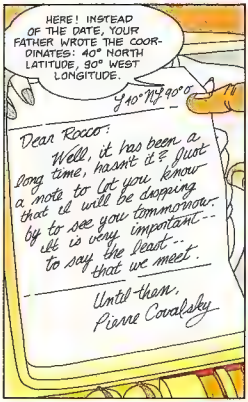
Photo Copyright © 1984 by Universal City Studios, Inc.

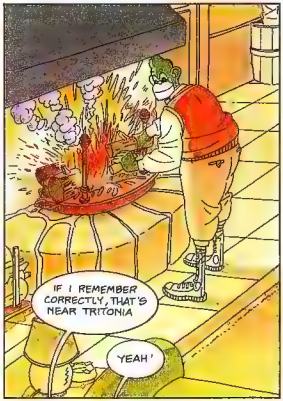
"It's called a Quāālude—but don't worry, it won't hurt you a bit." Peter O'Toole loosens up Mariel Hemingway in **Creator.**

TRITON

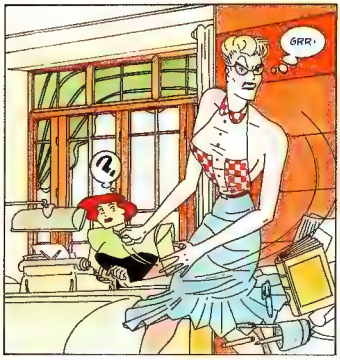
LAST WE READ ROCCO VARGAS (ALIAS ARMANDO MISTRAL) AND JILL COVALSKY WERE TRYING TO FIND THE ICEBERG FIELDS, WHEN THEIR NEMESIS, MUNK, GOT IN THEIR WAY. THE SECRET ICEBERGS MUST BE FOUND IN ORDER TO END THE WORLD'S DROUGHT.

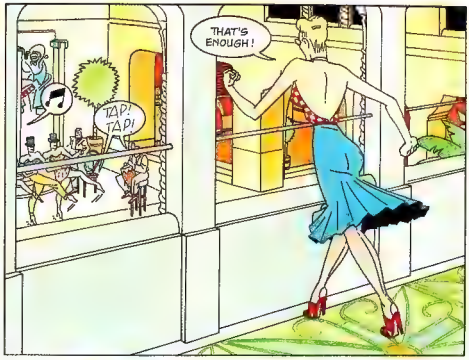



HERE! INSTEAD OF THE DATE, YOUR FATHER WROTE THE COORDINATES: 40° NORTH LATITUDE, 30° WEST LONGITUDE.
40° N, 30° O
Dear Rocco:
Well, it has been a long time, hasn't it? Just a note to let you know that I will be dropping by to see you tommorow. It is very important -- to say the least -- that we meet.
Until then,
Pierre Covalsky



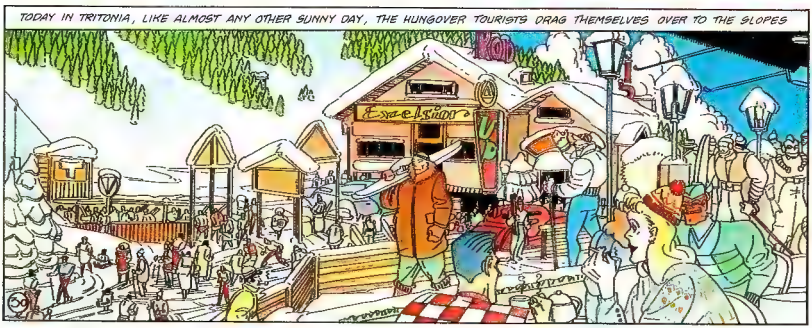
WE'LL GO TOMORROW
ACHOOO ACHOOO
ACHOOO
WHAT AN IDIOT I'VE BEEN! PIERRE TRUSTED ME FROM THE VERY BEGINNING. HE OBVIOUSLY WROTE THE LETTER JUST IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENED. HE'D BE ALIVE TODAY, IF I HADN'T ...
OH, ROCCO, YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME. IF THAT RABBLE AT THE SPACE DEPARTMENT....
SAMSON! TELL RUBY TO HIDE THAT LETTER!
29
HE SAID TO HIDE THE
I CAN SEE WHAT HE SAYS!
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! WHAT CAN I DO? BESIDES, YOU STILL HAVE ME
CLICK!
SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE MIDGET!

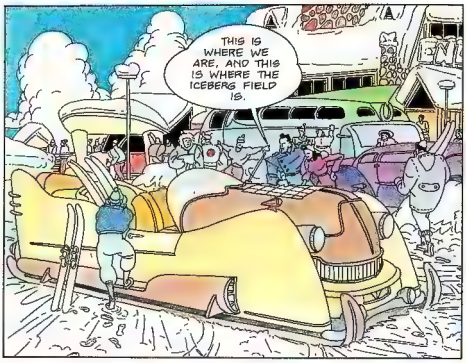

GRR!


TAP! TAP!
THAT'S ENOUGH!

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET ANY WORK DONE, WITH A BUNCH OF HALF-WITTED CHORUS GIRLS HOOFING IT UP DOWN HERE?

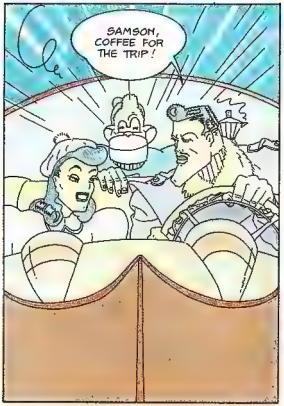
HEY, WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU?
WOMEN!

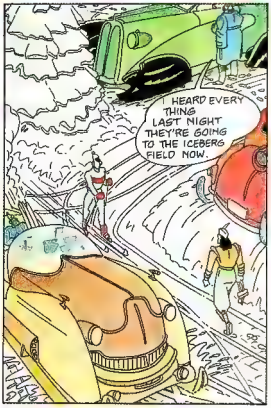

TODAY IN TRITONIA, LIKE ALMOST ANY OTHER SUNNY DAY, THE HUNGOVER TOURISTS DRAG THEMSELVES OVER TO THE SLOPES
Excelsior
UP

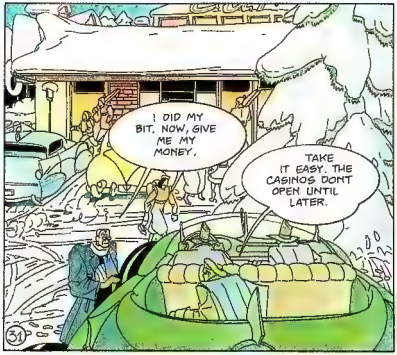

THIS IS WHERE WE ARE, AND THIS IS WHERE THE ICEBERG FIELD IS.

LET'S NOT WASTE ANYMORE TIME, ROCCO. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE IT.

WELL THEN, LET'S GO.


SAMSON, COFFEE FOR THE TRIP!


I HEARD EVERY THING LAST NIGHT THEY'RE GOING TO THE ICEBERG FIELD NOW.


I DID MY BIT. NOW, GIVE ME MY MONEY.
TAKE IT EASY. THE CASINOS DON'T OPEN UNTIL LATER.

COME ON. A LITTLE RIDE WILL CLEAR YOUR HEAD.
FOREVER! HAHAHA....
WOOOE

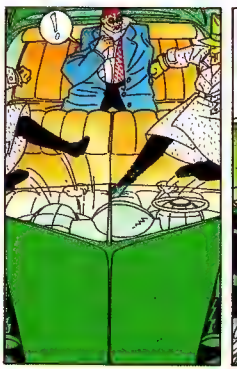
?!
MMOO
DR.
EIGHT ICY WHITE KILOMETERS LATER....
ACCORDING TO THE COMPASS, THAT'S THE SPOT.
IT'S WONDERFUL.
THERE'S ENOUGH WATER TO PUT OUT HALF THE SUN.
AND IT'S JUST WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO GET IT.
WHAT LOVELY ICEBERGS! LET'S GO HAVE A CLOSER LOOK.
DAD LEFT A DETAILED PLAN OF THIS PLACE ON FILE. I'VE KEPT IT IN A SAFE PLACE. HE INDICATES HOW THE ICE-BERGS SHOULD BE LIFTED AND CARRIED THROUGH SPACE, INTO THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

WE MADE IT!

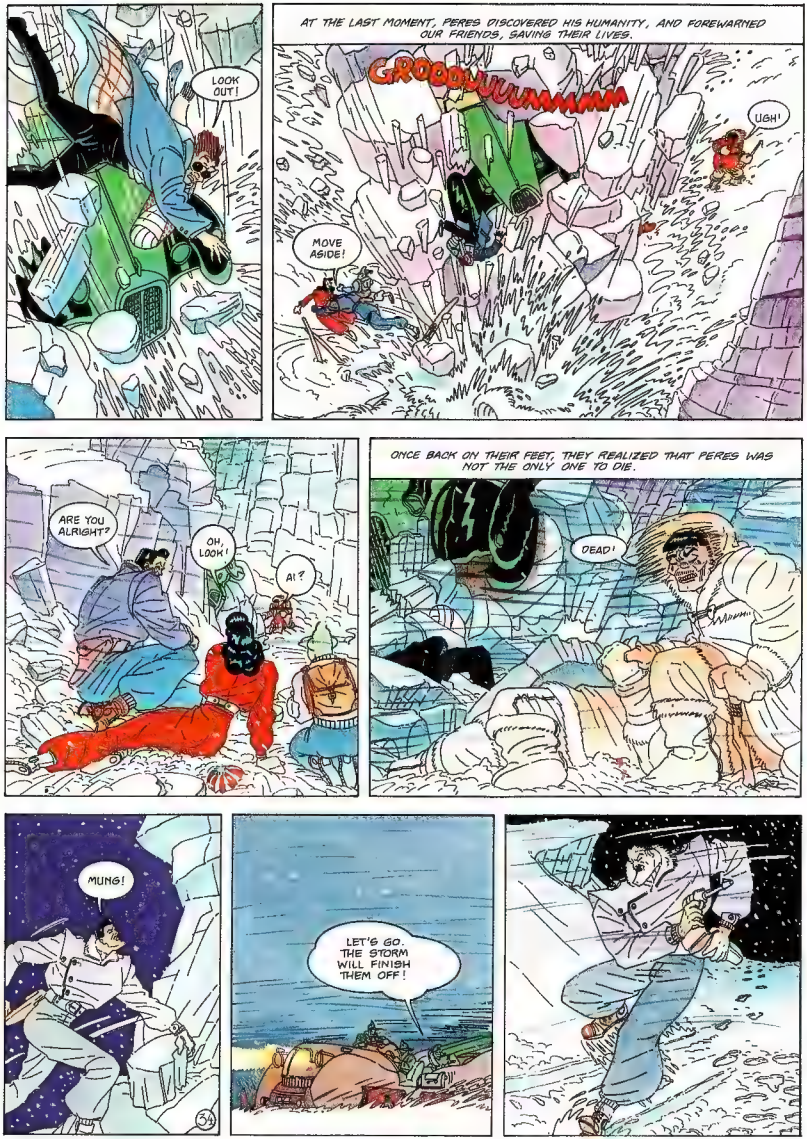
THE JOY OF SUCCESS IS BEING WATCHED BY AN ESKIMO FAMILY..
KAI, KAI!
UGH!

..ALTHOUGH THEY ARE NOT THE ONLY SPECTATORS
SSPLASS!
UGH!

THEY'RE HAVING A PARTY DOWN THERE!
SURELY, YOU WANT TO BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE THEM....
?
55


!

SAY HELLO TO VARGAS WHEN YOU GET THERE! HAHA
NOOOO!


LOOK OUT!
AT THE LAST MOMENT, PERES DISCOVERED HIS HUMANITY, AND FOREWARNED OUR FRIENDS, SAVING THEIR LIVES.
GROOOUUUMMMM
UGH!
MOVE ASIDE!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
OH, LOOK!
AI ?
ONCE BACK ON THEIR FEET, THEY REALIZED THAT PERES WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO DIE.
DEAD!
MUNG!
LET'S GO. THE STORM WILL FINISH THEM OFF!

ZZZZ
SSSSPTAC!
THAC!
YAAH!
AHA! SO YOU HAD YOUR WHEATIES TODAY!
DOES IT HURT, BABY?
LIFE WILL BE BORING WITHOUT YOU, VARGAS, BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT!
YOU'RE A SENTIMENTAL OLD SLOB, MUNG!
WHAP
AHA! ALONE AT LAST!
CRACK!

BUF!
POW!
TOO NAKED WITHOUT THE TRIGGER, EH?
HERE, HAVE SOME WARMTH!
KRAK
THE GUN!
HA, HA!
GOODBYE! AND THANKS FOR THE MESSAGE!
IT WON'T BE THE LAST! LOOK BEHIND YOU!
THAT OLD TRICK, VARGAS?
UGH!
YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD SUCH A VIVID IMAGINATION!
THUMP!
AGG!
ROCCO! ARE YOU OKAY?
TERRIFIC!
I'VE LOST THE BATTLE, BUT I'LL WIN THE WAR. MY SHIPS HAVE ORDERS TO FRY YOU UP, AND SERVE YOU FOR LUNCH! YOU'LL NEVER REACH EARTH!
UGH!
CHACK
AAAYEE!

TO BE CONTINUED

An Author in Search of Six Characters

by Milo Manara

LAST WE READ, THE NAIVE SEAMSTRESS AGREED TO PLAY THE LEAD ROLE IN THE PLAY WITH NO NAME ...
THE DRESS CAN DO, BUT YOUR BLOUSE HAS TO BE MORE OPEN AND YOUR LEGS MORE UNCOVERED!
BUT... BUT I'VE ALREADY SAID THAT I WASN'T GOING TO ACCEPT THE PART IF...
STOP! IN A FEW MOMENTS, BECAUSE OF A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, YOU WILL BE CALLED UPON TO PLAY A VERY IMPORTANT ROLE IN HUMAN HISTORY. YOU WILL PLEASE BE MORE DOCILE! EXECUTE ORDERS AND TAKE OFF SOME CLOTHES!
IN THAT CASE, I'M NOT INTERESTED! I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS AND...
STOP! MR BO, HIT THE YOUNG LADY!
HEY, GOOD GOD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU CRAZY?
I AM PERSONALLY OPPOSED TO THE EXHIBITION OF FLESH, BUT MY JOB IS TO MAKE SURE THAT PEOPLE FOLLOW THE SCRIPT. YOUNG LADY, YOUR ROLE IS TO BE A PROSTITUTE; PROSTITUTES WHO DRESS LIKE LITTLE GIRLS IN BOARDING SCHOOLS DO NOT EXIST!
WE HAVE TOO LITTLE SPACE LEFT NOW FOR YOU TO SPOIL IT WITH YOUR WHIMS.

LEAVE ME... LET ME GO HOME... PLEASE....
STOP! FOLLOW MY ORDERS! TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES!
IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE TO HUMOR HER NOW ...SHE SEEMS A LITTLE CRAZY... COME ON, SHOW A LITTLE CLEAVAGE AND THEN WE'LL SEE..
GOOD. NOW PUT ON SOME MAKE-UP.
WITH ALL THESE PROBLEMS, THE SPACE AT OUR DISPOSAL IS LESS AND LESS. WE'LL HAVE TO SPEED UP THE ACTION. WE'LL CONDENSE THE ADVENTURE TO FIT THE FEW PAGES WE HAVE LEFT. I'M SURE WE'LL SUCCEED.
I WANT THE ADVENTURE TO BEGIN IN EXACTLY 15 MINUTES. I HAVE HERE THE FINAL SCRIPT: LET'S SEE ..
THE FIRST CHARACTER TO APPEAR ON THE SCENE IS MISS LOULOU, A PROSTITUTE BY PROFESSION. SHE PRACTICES HER TRADE ON MEMORY LANE, AT NUMBER 17...
..AT THE CORNER OF EEL STREET.
SEX-PORN
YOUNG LADY, GO THERE IMMEDIATELY, AND REMEMBER THAT WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOO CLOSE FOR YOU TO RUN AWAY!

WHEN YOU GET THERE, YOU'LL HEAR TWO PISTOL SHOTS, AND A MORTALLY WOUNDED BLACK MAN, WILL FALL AT YOUR FEET -- ENTIRELY BY CHANCE -- AND WILL IMPLORE YOU, IN HIS DYING BREATH, TO HIDE THE BAG WHICH HE HOLDS TIGHTLY IN HIS HANDS...
SEX PORN
THE EXACT WORDS, AS WRITTEN IN THE SCRIPT, WILL BE, " ...HIDE...THIS BAG ...FOR THE LOVE OF GOD... AHHHH...", AFTER WHICH THE MAN WILL DIE.
YOU WILL THEN HAVE TO SEIZE THE BAG AND RUN TO NUMBER 3 EEL STREET. BE VERY CAREFUL AND ACT QUICKLY: IT WON'T TAKE LONG FOR THE KILLERS TO ARRIVE ...
CAREFUL. AS SOON AS SHE NOTICES WHAT YOU'RE DOING, SHE'LL CALL HER PIMP AND HE'LL BEAT YOU UP.
I TELL YOU SHE'S ALONE! IT'S THREE DAYS NOW THAT I'VE SEEN HER COME AND GO ALONE!
IT'LL END LIKE ALL THE OTHER TIMES, YOU'LL SEE
I'VE GOT TO DO IT...I'VE GOT TO DO IT.
BUT...WHAT ARE YOU...
PLEASE DON'T MOVE DON'T MOVE

NO NO NO NO
BAN
BAN
HIDE THIS
SHIT...
GO PICK UP THAT BAG IMMEDIATELY, YOU BITCH!
BUT BUT THAT MAN WAS DOING...
GO GET THAT BAG, YOU DIRTY SLUT!

BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
LET GO! LET GO!
THIS WAY! THIS WAY!
SKREE!
WHO ARE THE GUYS FOLLOWING YOU?
I.. I.. I DON'T KNOW..
LISTEN TO ME, KID, I'VE JUST SEEN YOU TRICKING ON THE CORNER! WHO SENT YOU?
NO.. NO-BODY..
WHO'S YOUR MAN? THIS IS MY TERRITORY, STUPID!
I DON'T HAVE A MAN..

SO IT'S YOU WHO DECIDED, ALL BY YOURSELF, TO LOOK FOR CUSTOMERS HERE WITHOUT ASKING MY PERMISSION, IS THAT THE WAY IT IS?
AND YOU WANT TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THAT THIS WAS YOUR OWN IDEA?
DON'T DELUDE YOURSELF. YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THE NAME OF THE PERSON WHO SENT YOU I HAVE AN IDEA ALREADY.
THE PROBLEM IS, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU! I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL DISFIGURE YOU A LITTLE AND THEN SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR MAN, OR IF...
BUT.. BUT...
OH, NOT VERY MUCH ...JUST A LITTLE BIT, JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU CHANGE PROFESSIONS...
OR MAYBE, I COULD MAKE YOU WORK FOR ME, IF YOU DESERVE IT... PUT ON THE TABLE ALL YOU'VE EARNED TONIGHT AND THEN TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES!
BUT BUT I'M NOT THE PERSON YOU THINK I AM!
YOU SEE HOW CALM I AM, MY DEAR...GO ON NOW, BE NICE AND AND DON'T MAKE ME ANGRY. BECAUSE WHEN PEOPLE TAKE ME FOR AN IDIOT, I GET ANGRY... COME ON, TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND PUT YOUR BAG ON THE TABLE!
WAIT . YOU'RE MISTAKEN, I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. IT'S A COMPLICATED STORY..
O.K.! YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHILE YOU'RE GETTING UNDRESSED! HOW CAN I DECIDE IF I'LL MAKE YOU WORK OR IF I'LL KILL YOU WITHOUT SEEING YOU FIRST?
AND THEN, IN A FEW SECONDS, I'LL START BEATING YOU UP!

TOK TOK
WHO IS IT?
OPEN, OR WE'LL BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR YOU! WE WANT THE GIRL!
TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!
O K WE'LL SMASH THE DOOR DOWN!
IT'S THEM THEY WANT TO KILL ME ..I'VE GOT TO RUN AWAY AT ONCE ..I'VE GOT TO GET MY STUFF AND RUN!
O.K.. I'LL OPEN THE DOOR RIGHT AWAY.. HOLD IT...
I'VE GOT TO JUMP OUT OF THE WINDOW ..I'LL GET MY CLOTHES AND THE BAG TOGETHER...
..AND I'LL THROW IT...
THANK GOD THE CAR ISN'T MOVING...

MADAME... HEY, MADAME, STOP!
WAIT! MADAME! JUST A MINUTE! STOP!
OH MY GOD..
THERE SHE IS!
MY PACKAGE IS FALLING...
HOW WILL I GET THERE? THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE!
MAYBE IF I TAKE ONE OF THESE SMALL SIDE STREETS..
THERE SHE IS!
DON'T SHOOT! SHE'S GOT TO TELL US WHERE SHE'S HIDDEN THE BAG!
IF I TAKE A RIGHT I SHOULD COME OUT BEHIND THE CAFE.
IF THEY DIDN'T SEE ME TURN, THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME.
SAFE!..I'M SAFE! THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME ON THE OTHER SIDE!
IT'S GOING TO TAKE THEM A WHILE TO REALIZE. THEY WON'T CATCH ME NOW. I'M SAFE.
THERE'S THE CAFE. MY STUFF IS STILL THERE!

THANK GOD NOBODY NOTICED THE BAG WHEN IT FELL.
I'VE GOT TO GET JUST A LITTLE CLOSER... IF THAT GUY DOESN'T LOOK AROUND AT THE WRONG MOMENT... NOBODY'S SEEN ME YET...
I THINK SHE'S LOST SOMETHING.
I THINK SHE'S PLAYING 'COWBOYS AND INDIANS'
I TELL YOU, SHE'S LOOKING FOR NEW SENSATIONS.
CALM.. I'VE GOT TO STAY CALM... IF I PLAY THEIR GAME, THEY'LL LEAVE ME ALONE. I'VE GOT TO STAY CALM AND TURN THIS INTO A JOKE.
CAN YOU HELP ME PLEASE, YOU GUYS?. I'VE GOT TO GET THAT BUNDLE BACK.
BUNDLE, WHAT BUNDLE? I DON'T SEE ANY BUNDLE! DO YOU SEE A BUNDLE, BOYS?
I'VE GOT QUITE A NICE BUNDLE..
COME ON, DON'T MAKE FUN OF ME..
COME ON, DON'T MAKE FUN OF HER BOYS! SHE'S A SERIOUS PERSON! SHE WALKS AROUND NAKED WITH HER ASS IN THE AIR. NOTHING COULD BE MORE SERIOUS THAN THAT..
AH! AH!
CALM.. I'VE GOT TO PLAY THEIR GAME AND STAY CALM.
WELL, GET UP AND LET'S GO!
AND MY BUNDLE?
WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR BUNDLE WHEN YOU'RE WITH US?
HEY, DON'T GET EXCITED.

COME, LET'S GO IN THE BAR!
LET ME JUST FEEL YOU HERE A LITTLE BIT...
NOBODY CAN TOUCH THAT!
LET'S SEE THIS THEN!
THIS IS OUT OF BOUNDS, TOO!
OH!
COME ON! LEAVE ME ALONE!
HEY, COME ON! DON'T GET EXCITED... DON'T GET EXCITED!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
WELL, YOU'RE REALLY MAKING A FUSS!
YOU'RE WITH FRIENDS! WE ONLY WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN!
CALM I MUSN'T LOSE IT ..
HEY! WE CAN'T SEE A THING!
TAKE OFF THAT TABLE-CLOTH!
WE WANT TO SEE! SHOW US!
IF I SAY NO, IT'S GOING TO BE A MASSACRE.. I'VE GOT TO PLAY THEIR GAME AND STAY CALM...
THE TABLE-CLOTH!
VERY WELL IF YOU REALLY WANT IT...

TO BE CONTINUED

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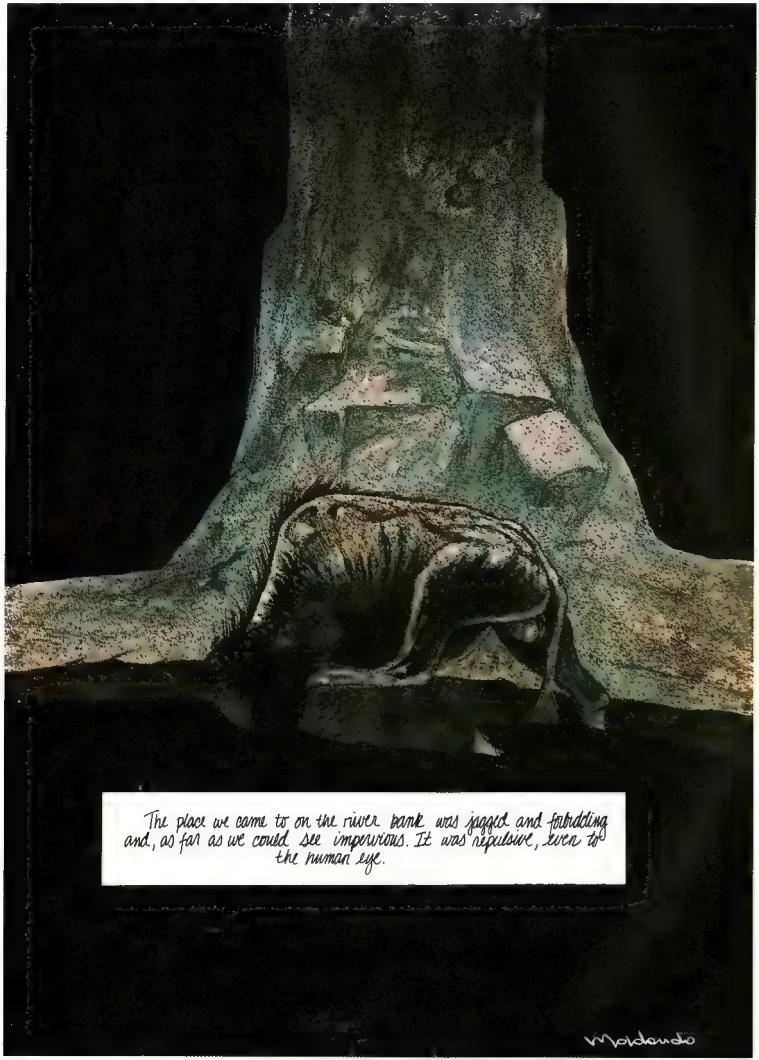
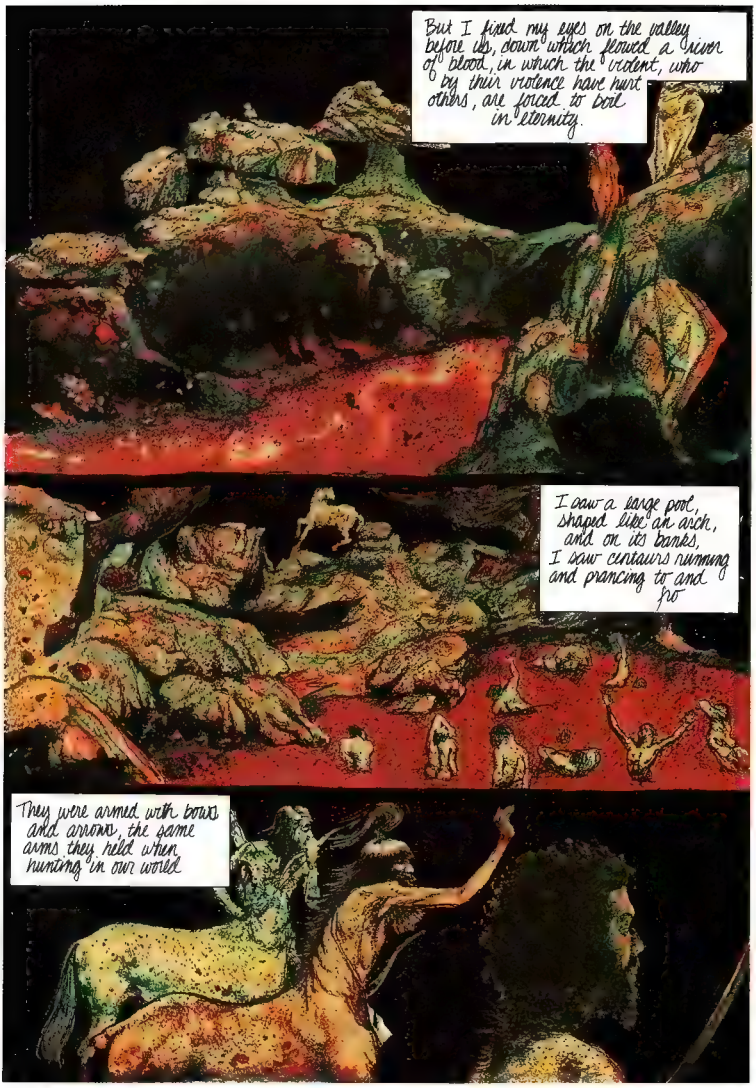
A Scene from the Divine Comedy

by Beppe Madaudo


The place we came to on the river bank was jagged and forbidding and, as far as we could see impervious. It was repulsive, even to the human eye.
M Baldaudo

Nestled in a hollow, craggy peak, lay the Minotaur, the shame and dishonor of Crete.
At the sight of us, helpless and enfeebled by his rage, he bit himself.

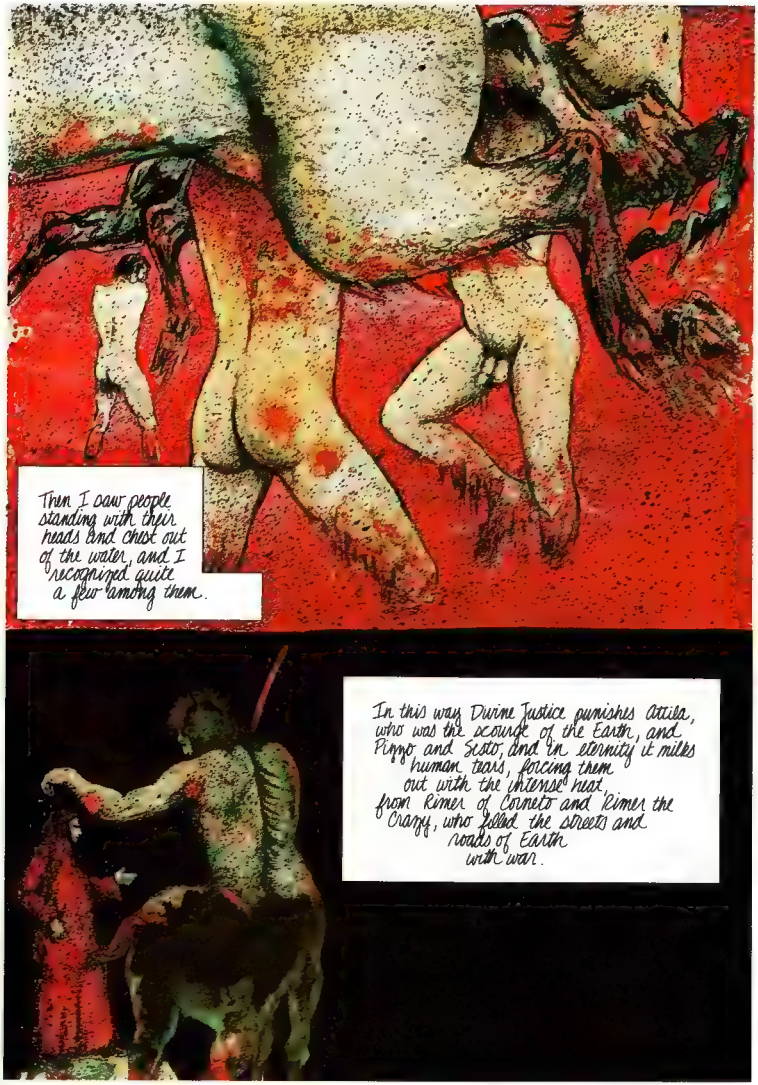
Let us go in peace, you beast! This is not Theseus, he is not here to kill you, but to witness all your suffering!
To hither towards that opening while the monster is still blinded by fury
Thus we went swiftly down the sharp incline, the loose rocks often moving and crumbling underneath my feet


But I fixed my eyes on the valley before us, down which flowed a river of blood, in which the violent, who by their violence have hurt others, are forced to boil in eternity.
I saw a large pool, shaped like an arch, and on its banks, I saw centaurs running and prancing to and fro
They were armed with bows and arrows, the same arms they held when hunting in our world

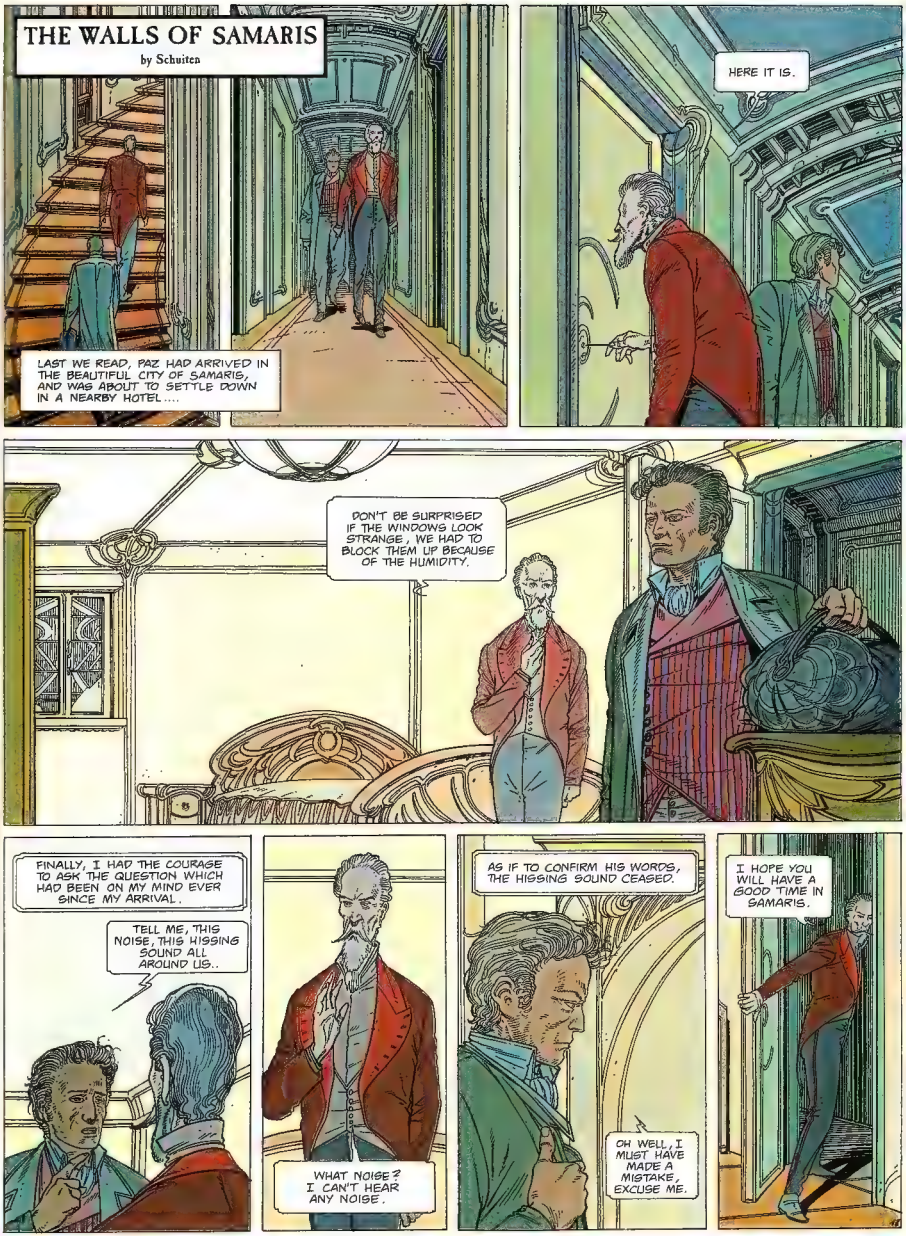
Did you notice that the one in the rear moves all the stones he touches?
Yes, he is alive. Give us one of your centaurs as a guide, and he will carry this man on his back along this wild and rocky path.
The feet of the dead do not do that.
He is not a spirit and therefore cannot lightly tread the air.

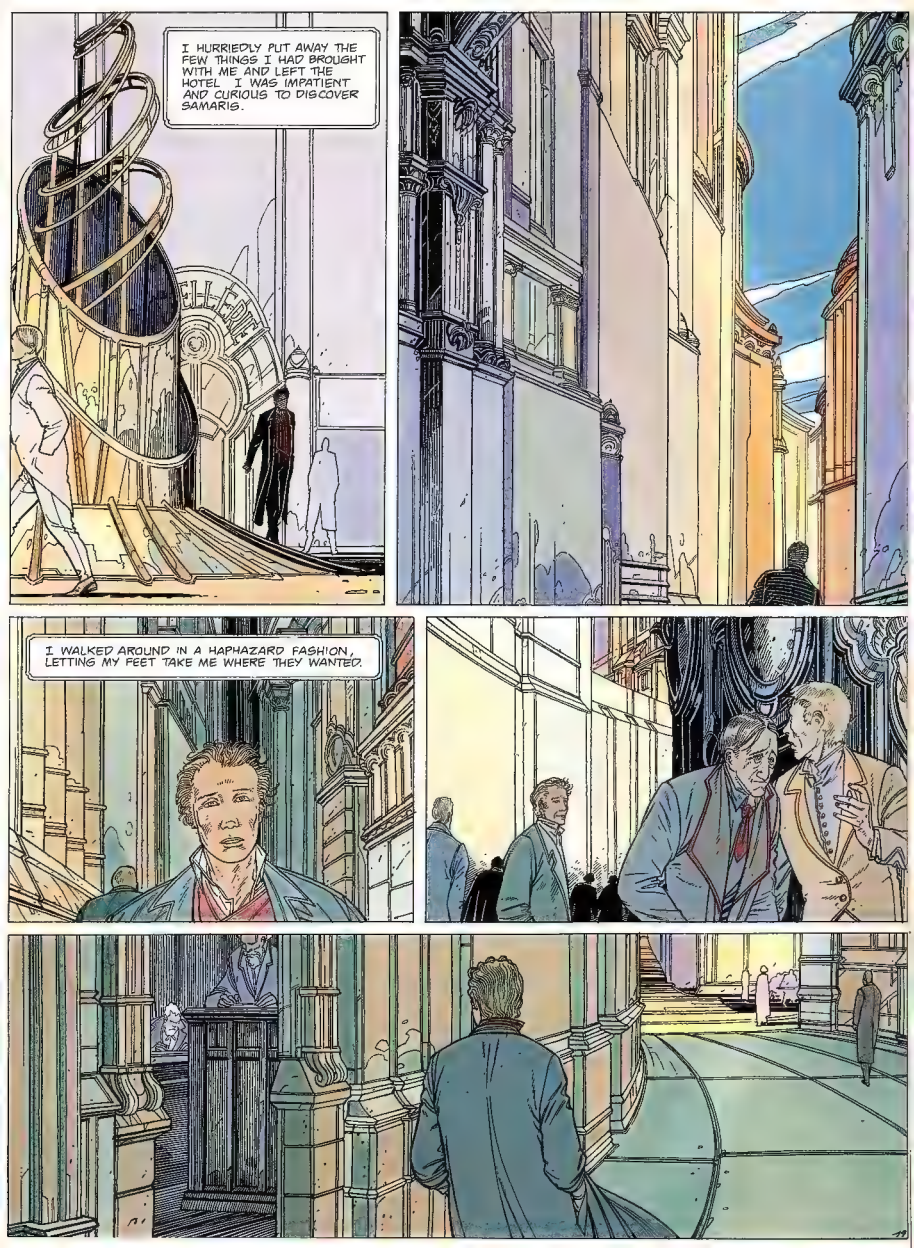
You who are descending the river bank, what punishment are you looking for?
There you can see Nesso, who died for the lovely Deianira, and revenged his death with his own hands. And there is a great Chiron, who raised Achilles. The third one is Folon, full of ire.
They run in thousands along the river bank, shooting their arrows.

Those you see down there are the tyrants of the Earth; those who killed their subjects. Here they suffer and cry for their past cruelty.

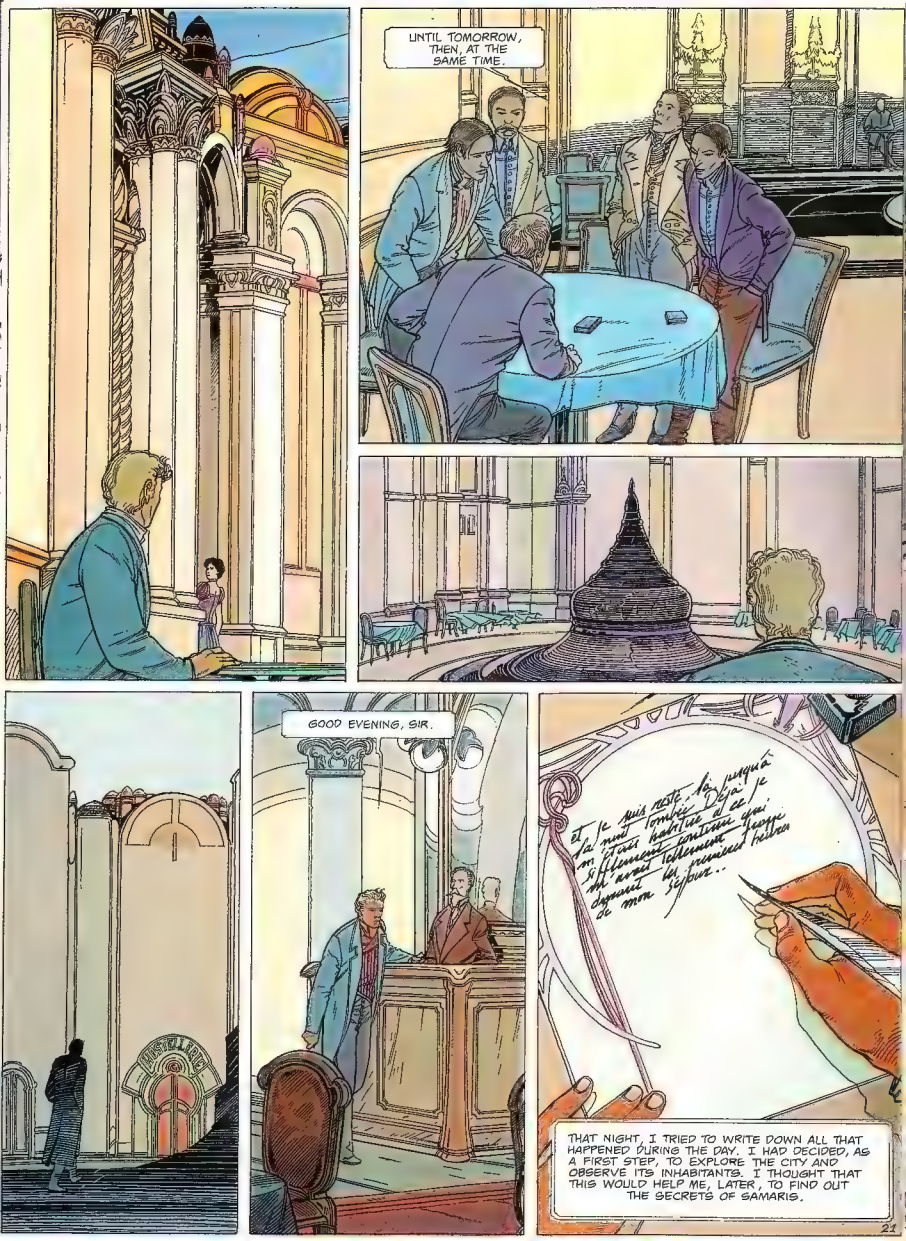

Then I saw people standing with their heads and chest out of the water, and I recognized quite a few among them.
In this way Divine Justice punishes Attila, who was the scourge of the Earth, and Pirro and Sesto; and in eternity it milks human tears, forcing them out with the intense heat from Rinier of Corneto and Rinier the Crazzy, who filled the streets and roads of Earth with war.

Then he turned around and we crossed over the river
Madamolo

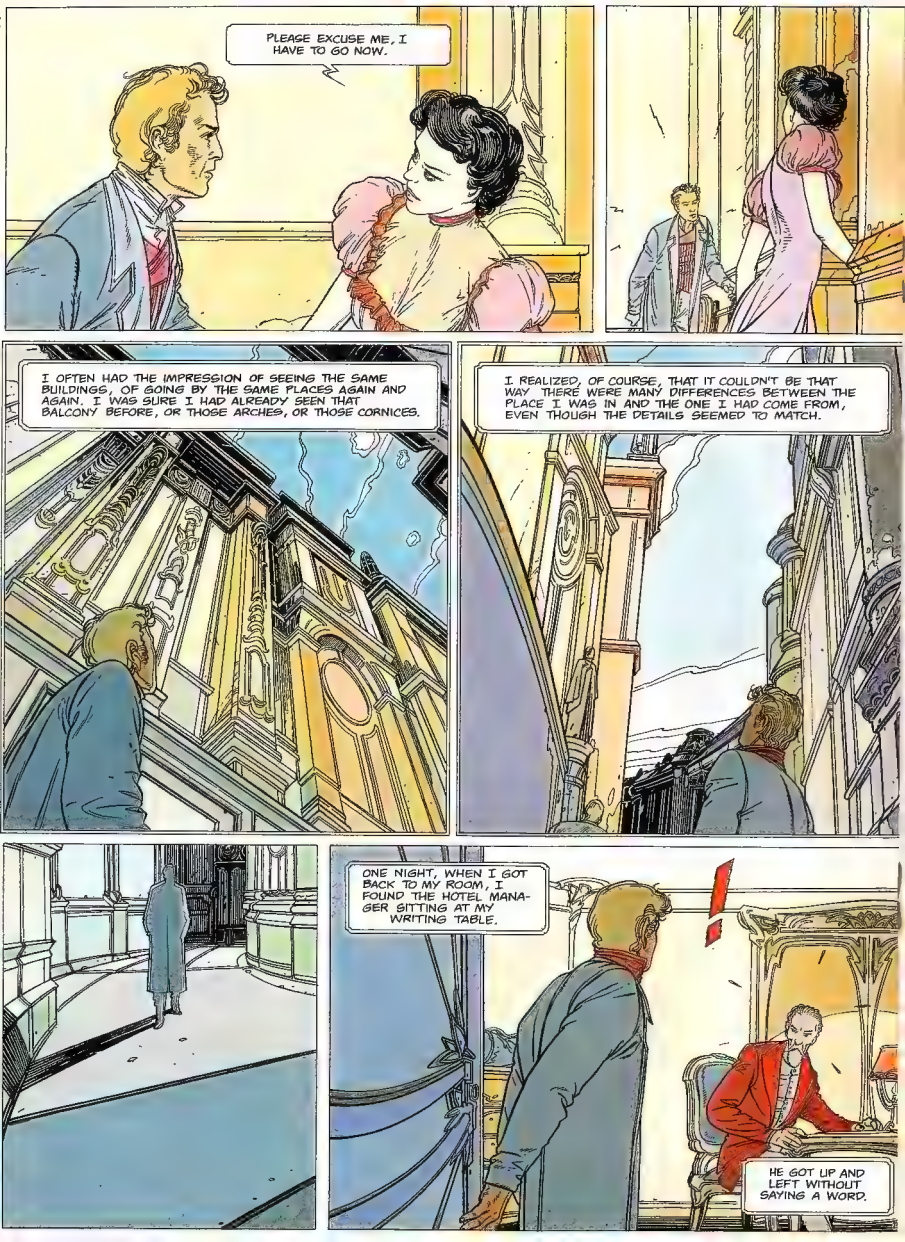

THE WALLS OF SAMARIS
by Schuiten
LAST WE READ, PAZ HAD ARRIVED IN THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SAMARIS, AND WAS ABOUT TO SETTLE DOWN IN A NEARBY HOTEL....
HERE IT IS.
DON'T BE SURPRISED IF THE WINDOWS LOOK STRANGE, WE HAD TO BLOCK THEM UP BECAUSE OF THE HUMIDITY.
FINALLY, I HAD THE COURAGE TO ASK THE QUESTION WHICH HAD BEEN ON MY MIND EVER SINCE MY ARRIVAL.
TELL ME, THIS NOISE, THIS HISSING SOUND ALL AROUND US..
WHAT NOISE? I CAN'T HEAR ANY NOISE.
AS IF TO CONFIRM HIS WORDS, THE HISSING SOUND CEASED.
OH WELL, I MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, EXCUSE ME.
I HOPE YOU WILL HAVE A GOOD TIME IN SAMARIS.

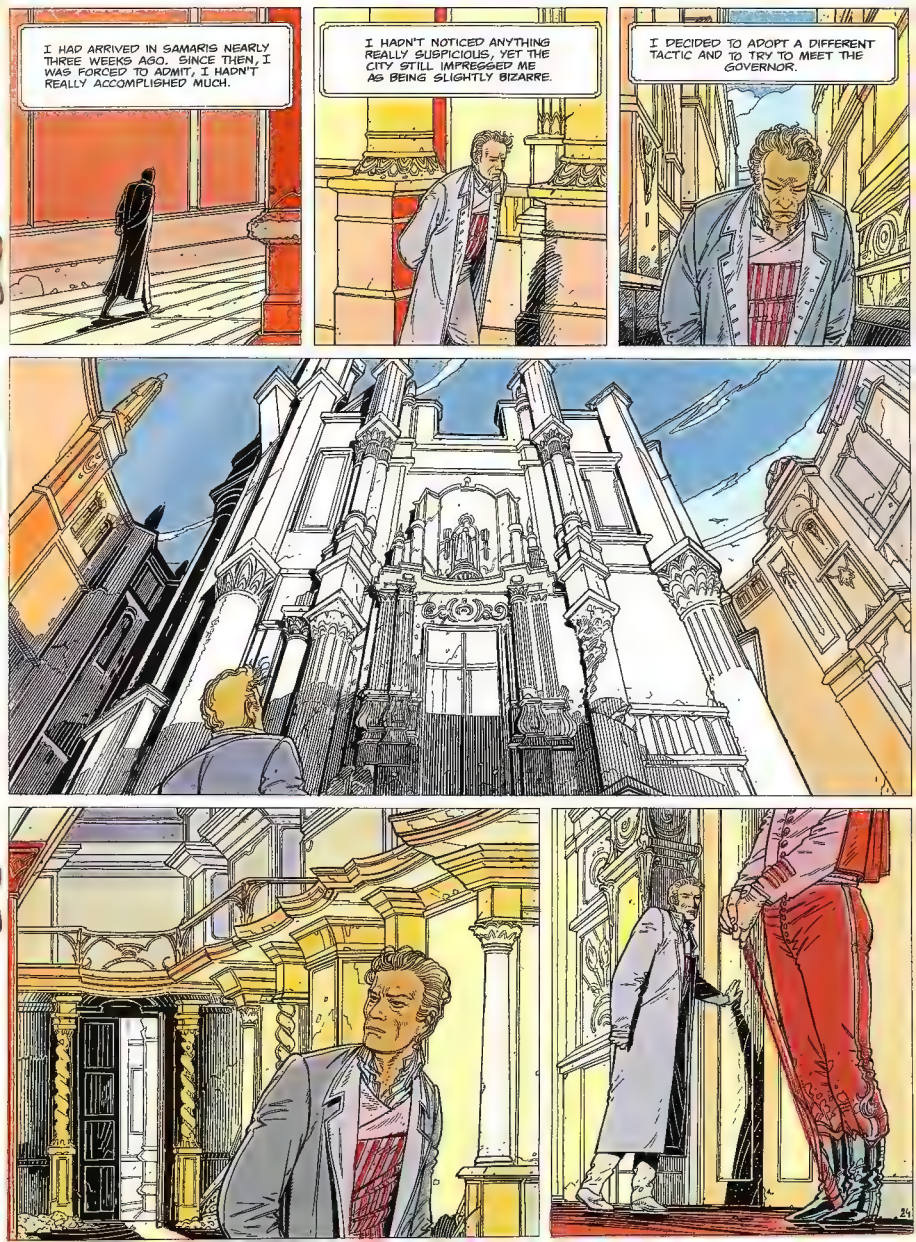

I HURRIEDLY PUT AWAY THE FEW THINGS I HAD BROUGHT WITH ME AND LEFT THE HOTEL. I WAS IMPATIENT AND CURIOUS TO DISCOVER SAMARIS.
I WALKED AROUND IN A HAPHAZARD FASHION, LETTING MY FEET TAKE ME WHERE THEY WANTED.

...IT'S YOUR TURN TO DEAL.
ARE YOU A FOREIGNER?
YES, I HAVE JUST ARRIVED FROM XHYSTOS.
XHYSTOS, I DON'T THINK I KNOW A CITY BY THAT NAME.
PLEASE EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO GO NOW.


UNTIL TOMORROW, THEN, AT THE SAME TIME.
GOOD EVENING, SIR.
THAT NIGHT, I TRIED TO WRITE DOWN ALL THAT HAPPENED DURING THE DAY. I HAD DECIDED, AS A FIRST STEP, TO EXPLORE THE CITY AND OBSERVE ITS INHABITANTS. I THOUGHT THAT THIS WOULD HELP ME, LATER, TO FIND OUT THE SECRETS OF SAMARIS.

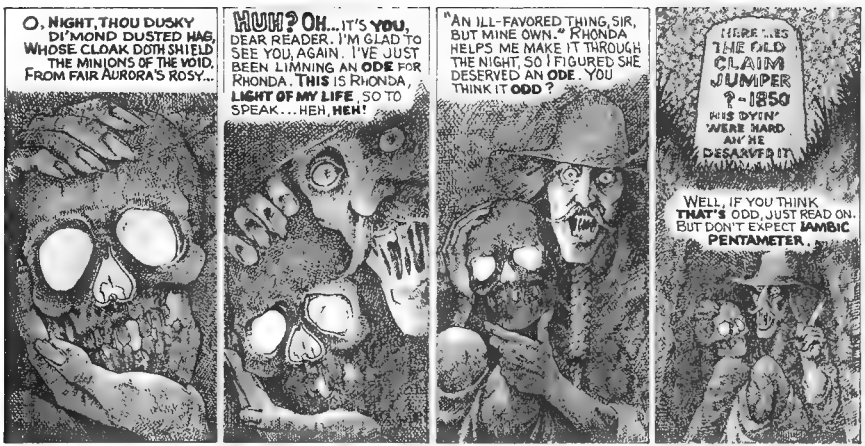
THE CITY WAS FULL OF SURPRISES AND SEEMED TO BE WILLING TO REVEAL ITS SECRETS ONLY TO A PERSON WHO WAS WILLING TO TAKE HIS TIME.
I COULD HAVE SWORN I HAD NEVER SEEN THE STAIRS AND THE ALLEY WHICH SUDDENLY OPENED UP BEFORE MY EYES.
I MET CARLA EVERYDAY AT THE DOOR, ARRIVING EACH AFTERNOON A LITTLE EARLIER. I DON'T THINK EITHER OF US REALLY KNEW WHY WE MET.
IT'S YOUR TURN TO DEAL.
GOOD AFTERNOON, CARLA.
GOOD AFTERNOON, HOW ARE YOU?
OUR MEETING ALWAYS ENDED IN THE SAME WAY, AT THE SAME TIME.


PLEASE EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO GO NOW.
I OFTEN HAD THE IMPRESSION OF SEEING THE SAME BUILDINGS, OF GOING BY THE SAME PLACES AGAIN AND AGAIN. I WAS SURE I HAD ALREADY SEEN THAT BALCONY BEFORE, OR THOSE ARCHES, OR THOSE CORNICES.
I REALIZED, OF COURSE, THAT IT COULDN'T BE THAT WAY. THERE WERE MANY DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE PLACE I WAS IN AND THE ONE I HAD COME FROM, EVEN THOUGH THE DETAILS SEEMED TO MATCH.
ONE NIGHT, WHEN I GOT BACK TO MY ROOM, I FOUND THE HOTEL MANAGER SITTING AT MY WRITING TABLE.
HE GOT UP AND LEFT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD.


I HAD ARRIVED IN SAMARIS NEARLY THREE WEEKS AGO. SINCE THEN, I WAS FORCED TO ADMIT, I HADN'T REALLY ACCOMPLISHED MUCH.
I HADN'T NOTICED ANYTHING REALLY SUSPICIOUS, YET THE CITY STILL IMPRESSED ME AS BEING SLIGHTLY BIZARRE.
I DECIDED TO ADOPT A DIFFERENT TACTIC AND TO TRY TO MEET THE GOVERNOR.

THE GOVERNOR GRANTED ME AN INTERVIEW AND PATIENTLY LISTENED TO MY QUESTIONS.
THE TRAVELLERS YOU MENTION NEVER REACHED SAMARIS. LAST WINTER WAS A PARTICULARLY HARD ONE.
THE JACKALS AND THE WOLVES WHICH WE HAD CHASED AWAY A LONG TIME AGO, CAME BACK TO HAUNT THE FORESTS AROUND THE CITY. BANDS OF THIEVES STARTED ROAMING AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE.
THE TONE OF HIS VOICE, HIS SMILE, SOMETHING SLIGHTLY FORCED IN HIS GESTURES, SEEMED TO CONTRADICT HIS WORDS. IT SEEMED AS IF HE WAS TRYING TO TELL ME-- IN A VERY INDIRECT WAY-- TO STAY IN THE CITY A WHILE LONGER AND PURSUE MY INVESTIGATION FURTHER.
ALAS, I AM CONVINCED THAT YOUR FRIENDS NEVER EVEN REACHED SAMARIS.
WHAT DOES THE ENGRAVING BEHIND YOU REPRESENT?
IT'S THE EMBLEM OF OUR CITY, THE DROSERA; A CARNIVOROUS PLANT WHICH, THEY SAY, USED TO FLOURISH IN THIS REGION.
I TOOK MY LEAVE A SHORT WHILE LATER. THE INTERVIEW HADN'T REALLY HELPED MY INVESTIGATION.

TO BE CONTINUED

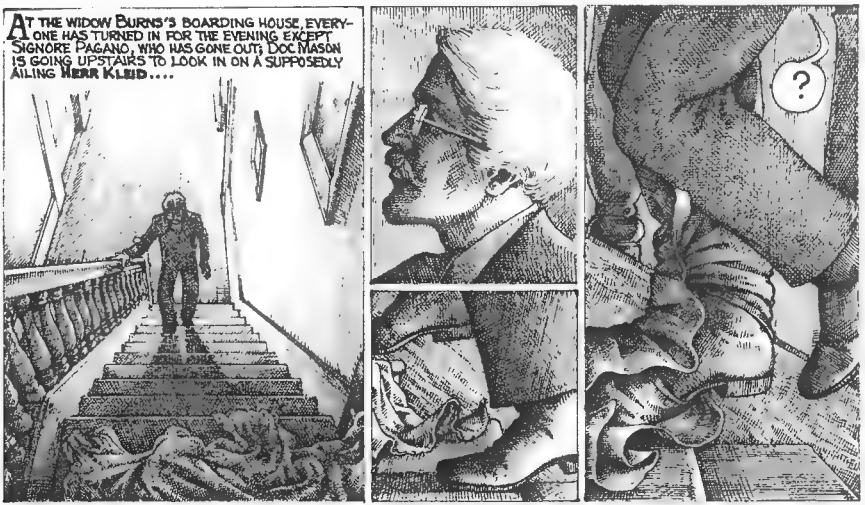

O, NIGHT, THOU DUSKY DI'MOND DUSTED HAG, WHOSE CLOAK DOTH SHIELD THE MINIONS OF THE VOID, FROM FAIR AURORA'S ROSY..
HUH? OH... IT'S YOU, DEAR READER. I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, AGAIN. I'VE JUST BEEN LIMNING AN ODE FOR RHONDA. THIS IS RHONDA, LIGHT OF MY LIFE, SO TO SPEAK... HEH, HEH!
"AN ILL-FAVORED THING, SIR, BUT MINE OWN." RHONDA HELPS ME MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT, SO I FIGURED SHE DESERVED AN ODE. YOU THINK IT ODD?
HERE LIES THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER ?-1850 HIS DYIN' WERE HARD AN' HE DESARVED IT
WELL, IF YOU THINK THAT'S ODD, JUST READ ON. BUT DON'T EXPECT IAMBIC PENTAMETER..

AND NOW, WELCOME TO THE CONTINUING SAGA OF

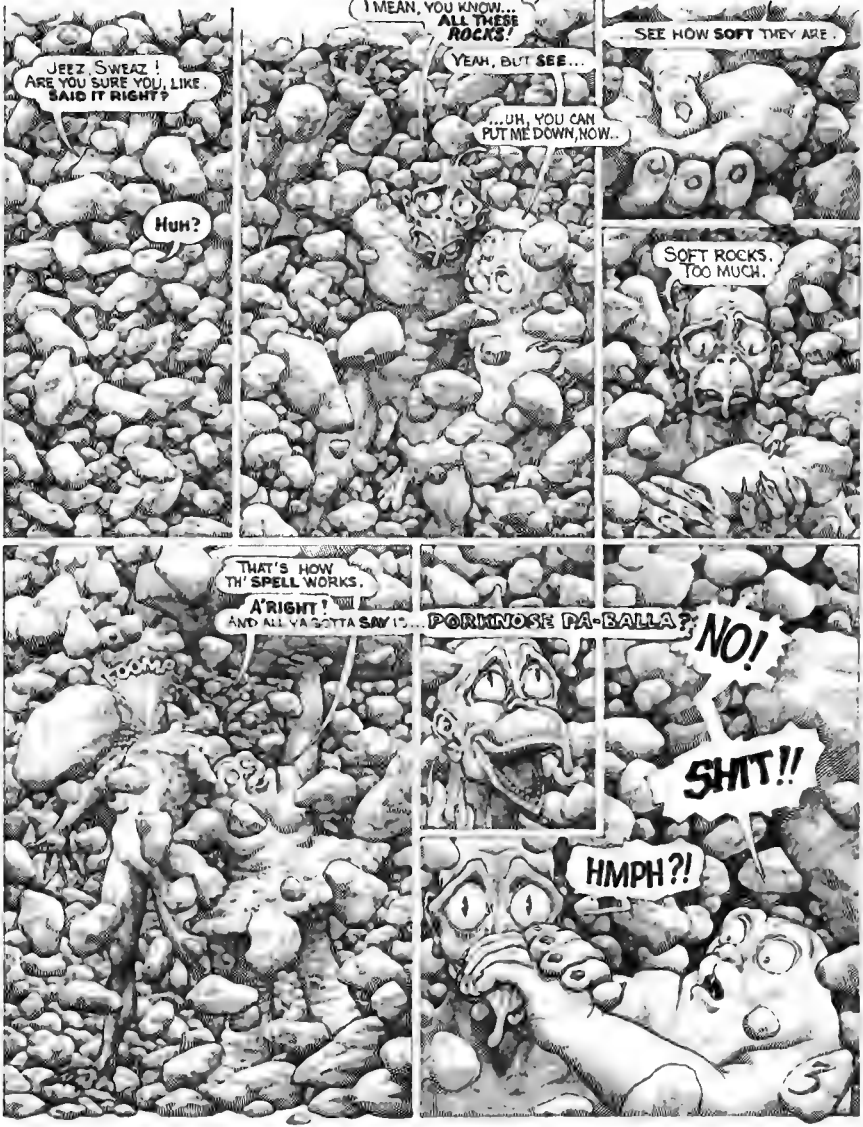
TEX★ARCANA

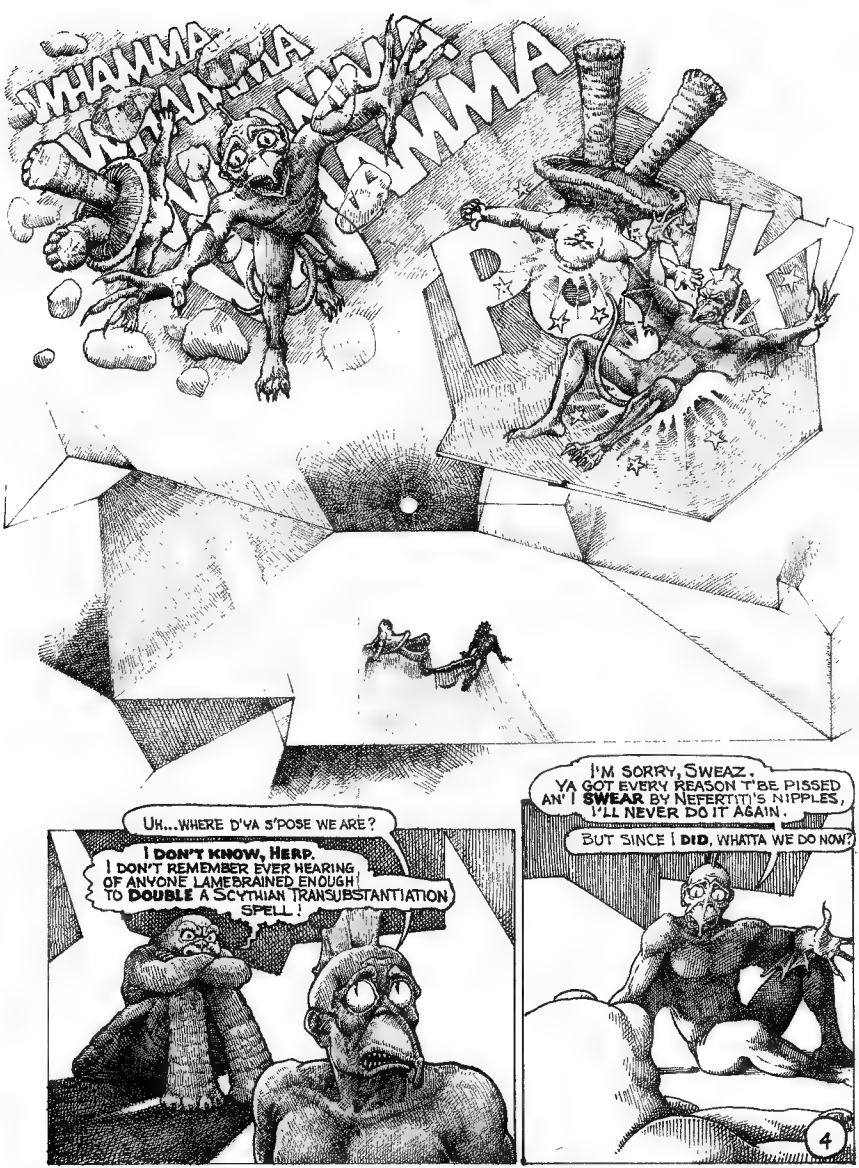
MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE

PART 16


AT THE WIDOW BURNS'S BOARDING HOUSE, EVERYONE HAS TURNED IN FOR THE EVENING EXCEPT SIGNORE PAGANO, WHO HAS GONE OUT; DOC MASON IS GOING UPSTAIRS TO LOOK IN ON A SUPPOSEDLY AILING HERR KLEID....
?

WHA'-?!
Doc?
Doc!
2


ELSEWHERE...
JEEZ SWEAZ! ARE YOU SURE YOU LIKE SAID IT RIGHT?
HUH?
I MEAN, YOU KNOW... ALL THESE ROCKS!
YEAH, BUT SEE...
...UH, YOU CAN PUT ME DOWN NOW..
SEE HOW SOFT THEY ARE.
SOFT ROCKS. TOO MUCH.
THAT'S HOW TH' SPELL WORKS.
A'RIGHT! AND ALL YA GOTTA SAY IS...
KOOMA
PORKNOSE PA-BALLA?
NO!
SHIT!!
HMPH?!


WHAMMA
WHAMMA
WHAMMA
POW
UH...WHERE D'YA S'POSE WE ARE?
I DON'T KNOW, HERP. I DON'T REMEMBER EVER HEARING OF ANYONE LAMEBRAINED ENOUGH TO DOUBLE A SCYTHIAN TRANSUBSTANTIATION SPELL!
I'M SORRY, SWEAZ. YA GOT EVERY REASON T'BE PISSED AN' I SWEAR BY NEFERTITI'S NIPPLES, I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN.
BUT SINCE I DID, WHATTA WE DO NOW?
4

THE OBVIOUS THING IS TO ENUNCIATE THE INCANTATION BACKWARDS, TO TRY TO UNDO THE SPELL.
OF COURSE, THE PROBLEM WITH THAT IS, SOME UNIVERSES DON'T HAVE FORWARD/BACKWARD POLARITY.
I'VE SEEN BETTER LANDSCAPE IN MY DAY.
THIS PLACE MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I GOT ONE EYE SHUT ALLTH'TIME. YA KNOW?
COULD BE NOTHIN' WOULD HAPPEN OR IT COULD BE DISASTROUS.
WE GOT NO CHOICE. WE GOTTA TRY IT. I DON'T KNOW ANY OTHER WAY.
TRY...WHAT?
SAYIN' IT BACKWARDS.
OH.
AL-LAB...LET'S SEE, ALLABAP!
PORKNOSE.... ZONE CROPE...
ALLABAP ZONECROPE!
5

IT DIDN'T WORK.
HEY! NO SWEAT, OKAY?
YOU'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE OLD WEST...
RECKON WE OUGHTA SPREAD OUT, GET OUTA TH' FIRELIGHT.
SI, SHERIFF. YOU HIDE EEN DE SHADOWS...
...JOAQUIN WEEL GO SEE WHA'S OUT DARE
HOL'OH, THERE! JOAQUIN!
IT'S TOO LATE, SHERIFF.
TH'DESERT DONE SWALLERED HIM UP!
SHERIFF!
DE RETU-URN O'DE CHEECKENSHEETS!!
TO BE CONTINUED.

CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM* Editors:

I am now a paid subscriber to your magazine. I imagine that this fact gives me the right to send you confused and incoherent letters. [*Damn! Someone else who's read the small print of our subscribers' contract! ls*] *HM* is very strange. Your readers who send you letters are also very strange. I love it.

I buy *HM* because of the sex. [*Let's not beat around the bush here . . .—ls*] I like pictures of naked women. Am I strange? My idiot brother-in-law said once, many years ago, "I buy *Playhouse* for the articles, not the pictures." Even at an early age I knew that wasn't true. Me, I like pictures of naked women. The pictures are even more interesting given your extraordinary artwork.

Back in psychology school we were taught stock questions:

1. What do you think of your mother?
2. Is there insanity in your family?
3. Do you have sex often?
4. Do you read *Heavy Metal?*
5. Are you, or have you ever been, addicted to television or other illegal drugs?

Way back then I didn't know what *HM* was. Our teachers tried to explain it so that we wouldn't be too terribly shocked when we did finally see it. Well, I found it strange at first, but I got to like it. So now I'm a subscriber. I guess I'm hooked. I guess I'm the only one I can blame. God help me. But I do like pictures of naked women. So there it is. Call the police if you want My future is in your hands.

Donald M. Finley
Missoula, Mont.

P.S. More pictures of naked women, okay? There are *no* naked women in Montana.

Hi, Michael,

Like the piece in *HM* ["The Most Moral Man in America: An Interview with John Waters," by Michael Simmons, November *HM*]. The headline made me laugh out loud. All my prison class seem to read *HM*, so I'm more popular than ever. Now, if it was *Easyrider*, I could be warden.

John Waters
Baltimore, Md.

Dear *HM:*

You new-wave types are headed for history's dustbin at least as fast as us hippies went, and maybe a lot faster. [*Some of us ex-hippies don't go to the dustbin—just our bell-bottoms, tie-dyes, and ponytails. -ls*] We hung around about ten years, and I only give you a couple more, tops. At least you can see your own replacement coming in now, and laugh while you can. I refer to Joe Bob Briggs, the sleaze-movie reviewer. His attitude toward life is just the thing for these Reaganized times, and he's worth at least as many laughs as Wally George and his TV interviews or *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. [*Briggs is funny in his element—when he's summarizing* Porkey's Revenge*—but as flat as old Budweiser after repeated exposure. George is a pathetic ego-lecher who drinks on the stupidity of his manipulated audience, and* Soldier of Fortune *isn't in the least funny—it's serious, militarist, political backlash, and as such poses a dangerous threat to freedom as we Commie-symps know it. If you're laughing at this stuff you're a lot more jaded and nuhilistic than I am. ls*] Personally, I'd rather have the '60s back (they were more fun) [*Now that I find funny!—ls*], but then, you can't have everything, and things like that only crop up once every twenty years or so. So, fellow freaks, welcome to the tar pit, and keep those talented French artists' work coming to us. As your overlong movie showed, you really don't have much without them. Please prove me wrong by giving us more art and less talk. If you *must* publish prose, then add Joe Bob and expand John Holmstrom's good video-game reviews.

Paul C. Cowan
Pacifica, Calif.

Sorry, tar baby, but unlike you I haven't yet given up on things The '60s will never come back to you, and it's up to you to make the '80s into something worth living through. You want escapism, look elsewhere.—ls

Dear *HM.*

V. Moskol [Chain Mail, October '84] is misfiring on three chambers:

1. Not only is it *possible* for sarcastic assholes to make it in the real world, they're the only ones who can or do. Who else would try?
2. I visit the real world on too many unavoidable occasions every year, and I've not seen any evidence of Stathis as a major influence there. How this reflects on his character is not for me to say.
3. There is no real world.

Yours in version,
Roldo
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Dear Folks:

Just when I thought the "youth of America" was getting wiser about life (and reading and *understanding* magazines like *HM*) you publish the letters from Downey and Patterson in your November '84 Chain Mail I do think it is possible to enjoy Motley Crue, Twisted Sister, etc., and still realize that they have some musical limitations (like being bullshit made over). The intolerance of these two letter writers is what I find disturbing. I'm sorry that neither one seems to realize that part of the background and appeal of heavy-metal music is a sense of humor about itself.

I also understand why you printed Patterson's letter "with errors intact." The pity is that *he* won't, and will probably think your [*sic*]s are comments on his opinions. [*What, me ridicule one of our good readers' opinions? Nah.—ls*] I daresay his comment about *reading* your magazine for "about five years"' is stretching the truth. As an ex-teacher I am absolutely shocked, and as a citizen and *HM* reader I am terrified for our future.

Thanks for filling in the gap *Rolling Stone* left in music commentary when it went mainstream I *like* hearing my horizons broadened, even if I don't always agree with your writers. Keep evolving.

Sharon Radabaugh
Richmond, Va.

P.S. A note for your reader demographics (so you know there is hope): I'm thirty-four, female, college educated (graduate school), economically conservative, socially liberal, Episcopalian, a music teacher and early-childhood consultant, mother of a six-month-old son . . . I don't think I'm supposed to be reading *HM!*

Yes, but thank God you do. It's people like you who drive readership-profile guys nuts and brighten up the days of pathetically naive editors like us. Thanks.—ls

The Hunting Party

christin·bilal

THE HEADS OF STATE ARE TOGETHER FOR THEIR GREAT HUNT, AND WILE AWAY THE HOURS, DRINKING FINE WINE, EATING HEARTILY AND TELLING STORIES FROM THEIR PASTS.

WHERE IS THAT CLEVER KAZIMIR DLINECKI, TADEUSZ?
ALAS, MY GOOD GÜNTHER, HIS CLEVERNESS WASN'T ENOUGH! HE WENT DOWN BEFORE SOLIDARNOSC AT THE SAME TIME AS THE OTHERS.
I WAS TOLD RECENTLY THAT HE HAD LEFT THE COUNTRY IN ORDER TO TAKE TREATMENT AT THE CLINIC OUTSIDE OF MOSCOW.
BUT SERGUEI CERTAINLY KNOWS MORE ABOUT IT THAN I!
ПАН БОЛЕК, СТАРОШИВАЕТСЯ ГДЕ СЕЙЧАС НАХОДИТСЯ ПАН ЯУНЕЛКУ...
..Я НЕЧЕГО НЕ МОГУ СКАЗАТЬ ПО ЭТОМУ ПОВОДУ...
MR. CHAVANIDZE HAS NO COMMENT TO MAKE ON THAT AND DISAPPROVES IN ANY CASE ABOUT THE WAY IN WHICH THE FOLK FACED UP TO THE CRISIS. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, DON'T YOU? THE CRISIS INCURRED BY ANTI-SOCIALIST AND ANTI-SOVIET ELEMENTS
NONETHELESS, I AM ASTONISHED BY HIS JUDGEMENT IN THIS MATTER.
LET'S DROP ALL OF THIS AND HAVE SOME FUN.
GOOD IDEA! THE WEATHER'S GETTING COLD AND IT WOULD BE BETTER TO LEAVE NOW ANY WAY.
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE. AS FOR ME, I'VE HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ONE DAY.
OKAY. I'LL SEE YOU LATER, TADEUSZ.

HE'S ONLY WOUNDED YOUNG MAN. THE GAMEKEEPER WILL HAVE TO KILL HIM.
I'M SORRY.

ПРЕКРА-
СНОЕ...
SO?
SERGUEI CHAVANIDZE IS VERY HAPPY.
ALL THE BETTER. WE CAN GO BACK NOW.
NIGHT IS FALLING
AND IT WILL BE COLD.
BAH! THE HOUSE IS WELCOMING.
YES, AND A LITTLE STAY AT THE BAR WILL PICK US UP.

NO POOL TODAY?
NO, I THINK I'LL TAKE A TOUR OF THE OBSERVATORY WHILE WAITING FOR DINNER
AH, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA.
WILL YOU COME WITH US, VASSILI?
HOW DOES THIS THING WORK?
WE HAVE TO OPEN THE CUPOLA?
I'VE ALWAYS HAD A PASSION FOR THE SKY.
I REMEMBER BETWEEN THE YEARS OF '52 AND '57, WHEN I WAS UNDER SURVEILLANCE IN MY NATIVE VILLAGE... JUST ABOUT ALL I HAD TO DO WAS LOOK AT THE SKY
60

THAT WAS THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE IN DISGRACE, IN SPITE OF YOUR ROLE AT THE SECURITATE DURING THE PURGINGS ?
YES. EVGUENI FELL WITH ANA PAUKNER, THE RED TIGRESS. SHE WAS NO LONGER ALLOWED TO WORK IN THE FOREIGN AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT.
SO, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT, COMRADE NICOLESCU? IT IS A RUDE HONOR TO BE A MEMBER OF THE POLITICAL POLICE IN A STATE CONSTITUTING A MASTERPIECE OF SOVIET GLACIS, AS THEY SAY.
BAH!
WELL, IN ANY CASE, THAT TAUGHT PRUDENCE TO US OTHER ROMANIANS
A STONE IN MY LITTLE HUNGARIAN GARDEN, THANK YOU
MESSAGE RECEIVED ON THE CZECK AS WELL, COLLEAGUE.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH YOU BOTHER ME WITH YOUR POLITICAL ILL-FEELINGS.
SO, BACK TO WHAT I WAS SAYING.... OFTEN WHEN LOOKING AT THE SKY WITH MY MOTHER AT MY SIDE...
AND IN SPITE OF MY DEPRESSION, A RECURRING DREAM FROM MY YOUTH ALWAYS CAME BACK TO ME. IT WAS IN 1945, RETURNING FROM RUSSIA WITH THE GEORGHIN DEJ GROUP, THAT I FIRST HAD THIS DREAM.
I HAD EVEN TOLD IT TO VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH WHO ACCOMPANIED US TO BUKAREST IN ORDER TO GET THE COUNTRY BACK IN HAND AFTER YALTA.

I SAW MYSELF AS A STORK, FLYING OVER MY VILLAGE WITH ITS COLORED THATCHED COTTAGES. I WAS A BIRD OF HAPPINESS AND FERTILITY.
OR PERHAPS I WAS A PELICAN FULL OF WISDOM AND GENEROSITY LIKE THOSE WHO LIVE IN OUR DELTA OF THE DANUBE AND FISH THERE FOR THEIR MASTERS.
OR EVEN AN UNKNOWN AND POWERFUL BIRD CROSSING THE HEAVENS CARRYING A MESSAGE OF POWER AND JUSTICE.
AND DURING MY INTERIOR EXILE, BEFORE VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH CAME TO GET ME, I WANTED, AT ANY COST, TO HAVE THIS DREAM AGAIN.
DIDN'T YOU HAVE IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN AT THE TIME YOU WERE TRAVELING A LOT, AND SPREADING THE GOOD WORD ABOUT THE ROMANIAN DIPLOMACY?
SOMETIMES, VASIL, SOMETIMES.
AND ALSO WHEN YOU SLEEP DURING THE MEETINGS OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE?
HMMM...
WELL, YOU ARE LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH CATHARTIC DREAMS, ION.
I NEVER SEE MYSELF AS I WAS WHEN I WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE GUERILLA SOLDIERS IN THE FIRST UNDERGROUND FORCES OF THE RHODOPES

NOR WHEN I WAS PART OF THE FIRST DIMITRAV GOVERNMENT, WITH VASSILI'S BLESSING.
I HAD TO ESCAPE DEATH BY HANGING IN ORDER TO BEGIN DREAMING.
EVER SINCE VASSILI SAVED ME A PLACE BY MAKING ME THE ARTISAN OF THE OUTBREAK OF BULGARIAN PEASANTRY IN 1958...
I HAVE ALWAYS HAD THE SAME NIGHTMARE.
THERE IS ALWAYS THIS OBSCENE AND AMBIGUOUS MONSTER WHO'D DESCEND FROM SOME ETERNALLY COLD STAR I HAPPEN TO THINK THAT THIS MONSTER IS ME, VASIL STRONYANOV, UNLESS IT'S THE PARTY ITSELF OF WHICH I AM ONLY AN IMPRECATORY MOUTH OR AN ATROCIOUS CLAW.
63

COME NOW... SINCE YOU'VE TAKEN UP YOUR PURELY HORRIFIC FUNCTIONS AT THE FRONT OF THE FATHERLAND, YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH.
IT'S TOO EASY TO TALK ABOUT THIS DELIRIUM.
BUT, GÜNTHER, YOU WERE THERE, WEREN'T YOU?
YES. AND I HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR DIGRESSIONS FOR A FEW MOMENTS NOW
AND?
AND THEY HAVEN'T MADE ME REGRET HAVING PROTESTED WHATSOEVER.
BUT IF I HAD KNOWN THAT HE WAS ONLY A BOURGEOIS WRITER EATEN UP BY PESSIMISM...
...I WOULD HAVE NEVER BELIEVED THAT FORMER REVOLUTIONARY HEROES LIKE YOURSELVES COULD ARRIVE AT SUCH CHILDISH IDEALS.
SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR DISTINGUISHED AESTHETIC LITERARY DISCUSSIONS.
BUT IT'S TIME TO EAT GOOD THINGS.
IT WILL BE BETTER THAN HEARING THESE IDLE STORIES.
GÜNTHER HAS GOTTEN MORE AND MORE SECTARIAN SINCE HE'S GOTTEN CLOSER TO CHAVANIDZE.
YES, YOU ARE RIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins. "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Yuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Ths Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

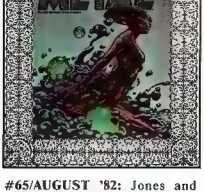
#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacone's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.



#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape . ." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Edgar Allen Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomsculpt," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFoil returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *HM*'s 1984 *fin* with a Federico Fellini interview and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

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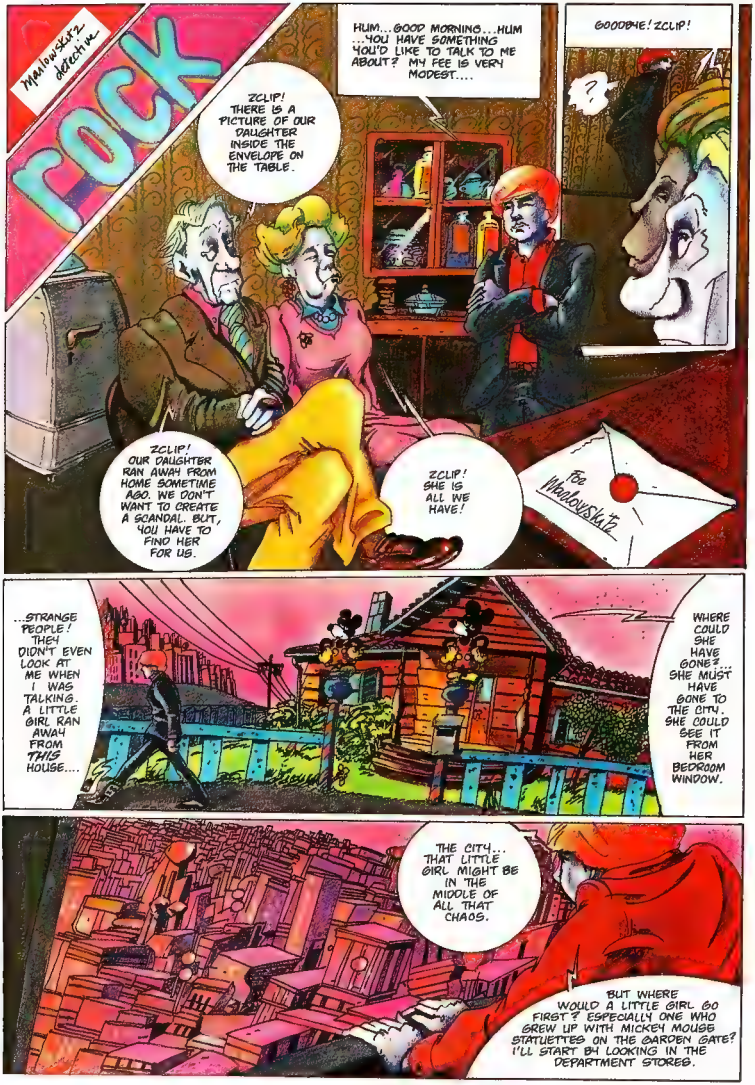
TRANCE-END
RON LINDAHN
VAL LAKEY LINDAHN
LOOK, MOM!
GOD... IVE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES TO QUIT FOOLING AROUND AND CLEAN YOUR ROOM !!

CRABS
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
CLICK
CLICK
TH-THEY'RE EVERY-WHERE!
WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?!
HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM?
DAMN!
AND WITHOUT MY GUN!
HOW?
ADAM KUBERT '84

MY KNIFE'LL BE USELESS AGAINST ALL THESE BEASTS!
HUH...? THE CRABS-- TH-- THEY'RE DROPPIN' LIKE FLIES!
WHERE'D THIS "SNOW" COME FROM?
IT'S GOTTA BE WHAT'S KILLIN' THESE--
GAD DAMNED CRABS!


Malowskiz, detective
ROCK
HUM... GOOD MORNING... HUM ...YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE TO TALK TO ME ABOUT? MY FEE IS VERY MODEST....
GOODBYE! ZCLIP!
?
ZCLIP! THERE IS A PICTURE OF OUR DAUGHTER INSIDE THE ENVELOPE ON THE TABLE.
ZCLIP! OUR DAUGHTER RAN AWAY FROM HOME SOMETIME AGO. WE DON'T WANT TO CREATE A SCANDAL. BUT, YOU HAVE TO FIND HER FOR US.
ZCLIP! SHE IS ALL WE HAVE!
To Malowskiz
...STRANGE PEOPLE! THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME WHEN I WAS TALKING. A LITTLE GIRL RAN AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE....
WHERE COULD SHE HAVE GONE? SHE MUST HAVE GONE TO THE CITY. SHE COULD SEE IT FROM HER BEDROOM WINDOW.
THE CITY... THAT LITTLE GIRL MIGHT BE IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THAT CHAOS.
BUT WHERE WOULD A LITTLE GIRL GO FIRST? ESPECIALLY ONE WHO GREW UP WITH MICKEY MOUSE STATUETTES ON THE GARDEN GATE? I'LL START BY LOOKING IN THE DEPARTMENT STORES.

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE WALKS, HE LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE WHO'S GOING TO ASK QUESTIONS.
LET'S SEE... A ROCK CONCERT! AFTER THE DEPARTMENT STORES, I MIGHT AS WELL LOOK IN HERE!
IT MAKES SENSE.
I MUST WARN RICKY.

HOW CAN I FIND SOMEONE IN THIS MESS? LET'S SAY THE GIRL REALLY IS HIDING HERE, HOW WILL I EVER FIND HER? IN THE DEPARTMENT STORES I COULD AT LEAST ASK PEOPLE QUESTIONS, BUT HERE....
HUM... THE GUY LEANING AGAINST THE WALL LOOKS A LITTLE MORE WITH IT THAN THE REST. I'LL TRY HIM.
SHIT! THAT COP IS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. I'M GOING TO GIVE RICKY THE SIGNAL.
OF COURSE, THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR, YOU BASTARD!
EXCUSE ME, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.
I'M LOOKING FOR A YOUNG GIRL WHO'S BEEN MISSING FROM HOME FOR QUITE A WHILE. HAVE YOU SEEN HER AROUND?

CLIK
HEY !! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
NOTHING!
PAK
HEY!... EH!... OH!.. WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? CALM DOWN! AOW!
WE DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO COME HERE ASKING QUESTIONS. GET IT, COP? PEOPLE COME HERE TO DANCE! IS THAT CLEAR?!
I KNOW... I KNOW... I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU A PICTURE.
O.K. HURRY UP AND SHOW ME THE PICTURE.
THIS IS JANET.
JANET JOPPIN.
HA! HA!
SO, YOU WERE LOOKING FOR LITTLE JANET JOPPIN.
THAT WAS JANET JOPPIN WHEN SHE ARRIVED HERE THREE YEARS AGO. DO YOU SEE THE SINGER WHO'S ON STAGE NOW? THAT'S JANET JOPPIN... TODAY.

LAST CHAPTER.
I WENT BACK TO THE HOUSE. THIS TIME THE PARENTS HAD COMPANY.
PRRRRRR
JANET, YOU ARE EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT YOUR MAKE-UP AND YOUR GUITAR.
SIT DOWN, PLEASE, MARLOWSKITZ! I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE AN EXPLANATION.
IS LIQUID OXYGEN ALRIGHT OR WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING ELSE?
THANK YOU. WHO ARE THOSE TWO PUPPETS IN THERE?
THOSE PUPPETS ARE PROTOTYPES OF MY PARENTS. I HAD SOMEBODY BUILD THEM FOR ME.
I PUT A TAPE RECORDER INSIDE THEM, ONE I COULD COMMAND AT A DISTANCE. I WAS HIDING IN THE BACK ROOM THE DAY YOU CAME. I SAW YOU....
MY PARENTS DIED IN AN ACCIDENT. MY RELATIVES WANTED ME TO GO LIVE WITH THEM IN VIRGINIA... AUGH!... I LOVED THIS HOUSE.... SO, I RAN AWAY AND I WANDERED AROUND FOR A BIT. THEN I DECIDED TO GET REALLY INVOLVED...
I WAS SUCCESSFUL, BUT I STARTED TO FEEL MORE AND MORE LONELY.
I HAD TO KNOW THAT SOMEBODY WAS LOOKING FOR ME; SNIFF;.
I KNOW A QUIET, LITTLE PLACE WHERE THEY MAKE EXCELLENT SALTED NITROGEN. WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?
BURONI & BERTOTTI
THE END

NOT FOR THE TIMID!

It's true! These original, uncensored comix are **not** for those among us who might blush at the sight of skin or shy away from —shall we say— *unusual* **situations.** These comix are for those of us who have normal all-American red-blooded corpuscles! Those of us who can look a joke in the eye and **laugh!** The collections here are by the same *underground cartoonists* who set the comics world on its ear with their uninhibited humor and other-worldly visions.

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GILBERT SHELTON
El BORRAH
BINE Voyage
HEY, THIS IS THE RIDE FOR YOU! WE'RE TALKIN' VINTAGE AMERICAN MUSCLE CAR! IT COMES WITH A 389 CUBIC INCH PONTIAC V-8 THAT'LL TAKE YOU FROM A STANDSTILL TO 100 MILES AN HOUR IN 11.8 SECONDS!
YOU'VE GOT YOUR SIMULATED LEATHER INTERIOR, TINTED WINDSHIELD, AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CUSTOM PAINT JOB!
HEY, CUT THE CRAP, FOUR EYES... I KNOW A DREAMBOAT WHEN I SEE ONE...
...AND I HAVE THE DOUGH TO DRIVE THIS BABY OFF THE LOT...

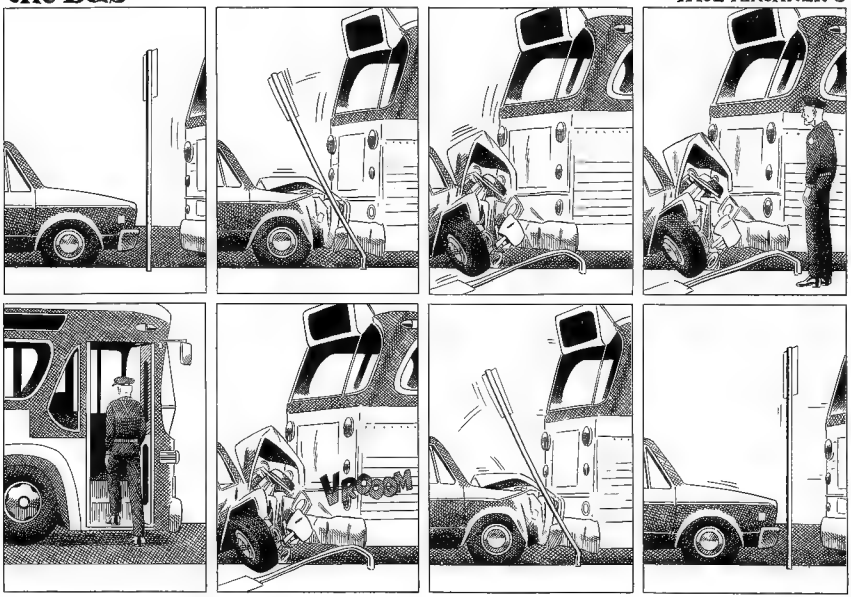
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
VROOM!
HONK!
HONK!
HA HA HA!
EEEEE
UH-OH...LOOKS LIKE I GOT BUSINESS...
YOU MUST BE EL BORBAH. I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.. ABOUT WALDA...
WALDA?...YEAH, WELL COM'ON UPSTAIRS. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, KID?
UH... JAMES W. ROCKBOTTOM JR.
NO SHIT! YOUR OLD MAN OWNS ALL THOSE FANCY HOTELS AND CASINOS? YOU MUST BE SWIMMING IN BOODLE!
LOOK, IT'S SOMETHING I JUST HAVE TO LIVE WITH...THE ONLY THING THAT REALLY MATTERS IS WALDA...
WALDA, RIGHT... WELL STEP IN AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, JACK...
MY NAME IS JAMES.

I'M GOING CRAZY! WALDA'S THE ONLY GIRL I'VE EVER LOVED AND NOW SHE'S JUST VANISHED! I'VE LOOKED EVERY-WHERE FOR HER!
WANNA BEER?
NO THANKS...YOU SEE, I WAS FINISHING MY LAST YEAR OF COLLEGE IN CALIFORNIA AND SHE WAS LOOKING FOR A JOB OUT EAST...
IN HER LAST LETTER SHE SAID SHE HAD JUST BEEN HIRED AS A RESEARCH ASSISTANT... I TALKED TO HER BOSS AND HE SAID SHE HAD LEFT WITHOUT NOTICE.
SLOW
YOU GOTTA PHOTO OF WALDA?
HERE, I'VE GOT LOTS!
SHE'S NOT MUCH OF A LOOKER, BUT BOY IS SHE BUILT!
THAT REMINDS ME OF A JOKE ABOUT THIS CHICK WHO WALKS INTO A BAR WITH A BAG OVER HER HEAD...
UH...WHO DID YOU SAY SHE WAS WORKING FOR?
I'VE WRITTEN IT ALL DOWN FOR YOU... NAMES...PLACES...ANY INFORMATION I THOUGHT YOU COULD USE...
I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT, JUST BRING BACK MY WALDA! I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE...
LET ME GIVE YOU SOME CASH TO GET STARTED WITH...HOW DOES FIVE THOUSAND SOUND...
IT SOUNDS LIKE I'M YOUR MAN.

LATER THAT EVENING...
HMMM...THIS IS A PRETTY WEIRD NEIGHBORHOOD TO HAVE A RESEARCH LABORATORY...
HEY DOG-PUSS, I'M LOOKIN' FOR DR. FOWLER...
WHO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKIN' TO, UGLY?
GEE. I DON'T KNOW... BUT IF SHIT COULD WALK THEY'D NAME IT AFTER YOU...NOW TELL YOUR BOSS EL BORBAH WANTS TO SEE HIM...
WHY YOU LOUSY, DUMB SONOFABITCH...
?
RANKO! WHO'S OUT THERE?
UH...SOME GUY IN A COSTUME... CALLS HIMSELF EL BORBAH...
SEND HIM IN!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER...
HANDS OFF, DOG-PUSS!

AHH, COME IN... YOU MUST BE HERE IN RESPONSE TO MY AD FOR A SECURITY GUARD... YOU CERTAINLY LOOK POWERFUL ENOUGH FOR THE JOB...
I THINK YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG PARTY, POPS... I'M LOOKING FOR A BROAD THAT USED TO WORK FOR YOU...
...A BROAD BY THE NAME OF WALDA.
OH, I SEE... WELL, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU... MISS KISSLING NO LONGER WORKS FOR ME...
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MY WORK HERE IS HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL, SO I REALLY MUST ASK YOU TO LEAVE.
YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS HAD A REAL INTEREST IN SCIENCE... LIKE, UH... EXPERIMENTS AND ALL THAT STUFF...
DON'T TOUCH THAT YOU IDIOT!
I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I DROPPED THIS... BY ACCIDENT...
PLEASE! I'LL ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS, JUST PUT THAT DOWN!
ALRIGHT... GIVE ME THE SKINNY ON WALDA...
I'LL TELL YOU THE SAME THING I TOLD HER PERSISTENT YOUNG BOYFRIEND... SHE LEFT WITHOUT NOTICE.
ANY IDEAS WHY?
WHEN I HIRED MISS KISSLING SHE WAS PERFECT FOR THE JOB... BRIGHT, EAGER TO LEARN, AND A DILIGENT, HARD WORKING EMPLOYEE...
A FEW WEEKS BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED THERE WAS AN ABRUPT CHANGE IN HER CHARACTER... SHE ACTED WITHDRAWN, HER WORK WAS SLOPPY, SHE COULDN'T SEEM TO CONCENTRATE. ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF SEVERE DEPRESSION OR PERHAPS SHE WAS INVOLVED WITH... DRUGS!

...AT ANY RATE I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW AND I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD LET ME GET BACK TO MY WORK!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SET-UP THAT I DON'T DIG... I'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND, POPS!
O.K. RANKO... SHOW ME THE DOOR!
AAAH
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF, DOG-PUSS!
JESUS CREEPIN' CHRIST!
THOSE LITTLE BASTARDS ARE MESSIN' WITH MY DREAM MACHINE!
WHITE TRASH
CONTINUED



COMING:

Interviews with wiz vid-kid Russell Mulcahy and EC's comic legend Jack Davis.

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The *National Lampoon's* "Misguided Tour of New York"—at newsstands and bookstores in January, or subscribe now and save!

Sirs.

Yeah, yeah, a New York parody issue. I'd be a chump not to want to possess it. And then the rest of this years special issues—the great 15th Anniversary issue, the International Humor issue—yeah, I got to subscribe. That's the ticket, yeah. So send me.

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SAX BLUES

by Gaetano Liberatore and Peter Smith

I HAD JUST COME BACK FROM EUROPE AND I NEEDED MONEY. MY PAL, FAST EDDIE, WHO USED TO PLAY DRUMS FOR ME, DIDN'T HAVE ANY CASH, BUT HE HAD CONNECTIONS
I MAY HAVE A JOB FOR YOU. $100 AND ALL THE DRINKS YOU WANT. IT'S THREE GIGS AN EVENING. WE PLAY SIMPLE STUFF, FOR THE OWNER'S CHICK WHO SINGS O.K. AND IS GREAT TO LOOK AT
WHAT D'YOU THINK?

FAST EDDIE GAVE ME THE ADDRESS OF THE CLUB: WE WERE GOING TO PRACTICE LATER. THE MUSIC WAS SUPER COOL, MY LUNGS IN GREAT SHAPE. THE GIRL WASN'T GOING TO BE THERE. THAT WAS ALRIGHT. FAST EDDIE HAD SAID, "SHE'S GOT IT ALL DOWN PAT." THE PRACTICE WAS FOR MY BENEFIT

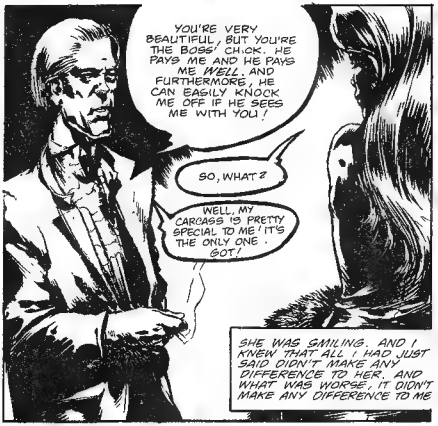
I HAD TO WALK TO THE CLUB, I HADN'T A DIME. THERE WERE A FEW PEOPLE WHEN I GOT THERE. FAST EDDIE WAS WAITING AT THE BAR
I WALKED. AM I LATE?
WHERE WERE YOU?
NO, NOT AT ALL!! THE BOSS THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T COMING
WHERE'S THE BOSS?
EDDIE POINTED HIM OUT WITH A GLANCE
HE WAS A BIG MAN, STRAIGHT OUT OF MULBERRY STREET OR LITTLE ITALY. YOU COULD READ THAT SO CLEARLY. HE HAD CHANGED HIS NAME, BUT HAD FORGOTTEN TO TAKE OFF HIS GOLD CHAINS. NEXT TO HIM SAT A STUNNING BLONDE, LOOKING VERY INNOCENT. I LOOKED AT HER AND I KNEW SHE COULD ONLY BE HIS WOMAN.
THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!
OK!

HERE HE IS, MR CONSTANT!
I'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY THAT YOU'RE A GOOD MUSICIAN.
YEAH, NOT BAD.
TONIGHT, YOU'RE WELL PAID, SO KEEP YOUR SKILL TO YOURSELF AND WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE GET ME?
OK, NO PROBLEM, I'M JUST A MUSICIAN!
I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS ALLISON, YOU'RE PLAYING FOR HER
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MISS.
GOOD EVENING I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME.
JOE IS ENOUGH CALL ME JOE WELL, SO LONG!
REMEMBER, YOU'RE PLAYING FOR MONEY!
I WON'T FORGET.
AFTER TWO YEARS IN EUROPE, NEW YORK WAS STILL THE SAME, JUST A FEW NAMES AND THE DATE HAD CHANGED.

I WAS GOING TO LEAVE WHEN
HI, JOE. DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT THE BOSS SAYS. EVERYBODY SAYS THAT YOU PLAY VERY WELL I'D LOVE TO HEAR YOU ONE OF THESE EVENINGS!
O.K. BUT WHEN I'M PLAYING FOR MONEY... HIS MONEY.!
SHE STARTED SULKING. WOMEN ALWAYS SEEM TO FALL FOR SAX PLAYERS. DON'T ASK WHY.
MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO PAY YOU TO SING FOR ME.
YEAH, MAYBE!

THAT BLONDE SPELLED TROUBLE! BUT NOT ON THE JOB: HER VOICE MADE THE CLIENTS HAPPY, MADE THEM WANT TO LISTEN AND DANCE. I WOULD HAVE LOVED TO LOOK AT HER, BUT I WAS PAYED TO PLAY AND THAT WEEKEND I WANTED TO REMAIN STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.

THE CLUB CLOSED ON MONDAY AFTERNOONS. I HAD $300 IN MY POCKET. I FELT LIKE HAVING A DRINK WHILE WAITING FOR A FRIEND WHO WORKED IN A NEARBY RESTAURANT. MISS ALLISON WAS AT THE BAR; SHE WAS A LITTLE DRUNK. I KNEW THE BEST THING WAS TO LEAVE, BUT SHE HAD ALREADY SEEN ME.


YOU'RE VERY BEAUTIFUL, BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS' CHICK. HE PAYS ME AND HE PAYS ME WELL. AND FURTHERMORE, HE CAN EASILY KNOCK ME OFF IF HE SEES ME WITH YOU!
SO, WHAT?
WELL, MY CARCASS IS PRETTY SPECIAL TO ME! IT'S THE ONLY ONE I GOT!

SHE WAS SMILING. AND I KNEW THAT ALL I HAD JUST SAID DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO HER. AND WHAT WAS WORSE, IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME

SHE OPENED HER PURSE AND SHOWED ME A WAD OF MONEY ENOUGH FOR A TICKET BACK TO EUROPE, IF I FELT LIKE IT. AT THAT MOMENT IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA.

HER PLACE WAS GREAT. UPTOWN, ELEGANT FURNISHINGS, THE SMELL OF SOMEBODY ELSE'S MONEY ALL OVER. WE BOTH KNEW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. SHE PUT ON A RECORD, AND WHILE SHE DANCED, I PLAYED AS I DID WHEN I WASN'T BEING PAID, BUT SMOOTHLY ENOUGH SO THAT SHE WOULD PAY ME.

OH, JOE, IT'S WONDERFUL!"

YES, BABY!

WOMEN ALWAYS LOVE TO HEAR THAT. BUT I DIDN'T LIKE IT WHEN I HEARD THE FRONT DOOR OPENING. I KNEW WHO WAS COMING, AND I KNEW WHAT TO DO. I GOT OUT OF BED AND STOOD BEHIND THE DOOR, SILENT AND MOTIONLESS.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, WE WERE IN HER ROOM, WHICH LOOKED OVER THE EAST RIVER. THE $500 WAS IN MY POCKET AND I WAS IN MISS ALLISON.

AN OLD MOVIE TRICK.

CRUSH!

IT WORKED, AND I BASHED HIS HEAD WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE. I HAD JUST ENOUGH TIME TO SAY GOODBYE AND LEAVE THE CITY.

HE HAD ENOUGH MONEY ON HIM FOR ME TO LIVE COMFORTABLY IN ROME FOR A FEW MONTHS. I KNEW I COULD CATCH A PLANE TO PARIS IN TWO HOURS.
I HAD TO MAKE THAT PLANE.
YOU MUST LEAVE!!
YEAH, SURE. BUT NOT BEFORE GIVING YOU WHAT YOU'VE PAID FOR.
FAST EDDIE SENT ME A TELEGRAM IN ROME TO WARN ME THAT MR CONSTANT WAS FEELING BETTER AND THAT HE WOULD KILL ME IF I EVER SET FOOT ON THE EAST COAST AGAIN. MISS ALLISON SENT ME HER BEST WISHES, HOPING I WAS O.K. I THOUGHT OF NEW YORK AND CHUCKLED. THE CITY WAS ALWAYS THE SAME: NOTHING EVER CHANGED, JUST A FEW NAMES AND THE DATE.
THE END
LABERINTHE & SLUTH

Dear Readers--this month we interrupt the regularly scheduled ROCK OPERA II to bring an easy-to-assemble life-sized replica

of the best-selling record album in the history of the galaxy, the Betels' fabulously successful "Scorchin' Peppers Burned My Hard Love Gland."

Vaginal Misery Tour
I am she who must be s
Now that we are toget
See how you run
Like jelly from a gun--
I am you egg,men
Whoooo?
I am your egg,men
Whoooo?
I am the menses
Ooo gooey goo
I'm leaking--
Yellow Subpoena
Once we all played in a band
We were famous throughout the land
Then Pal sued Jon and Jon our company
Now I'm so confused,I'm sure I'm
I've been served with a yellow subpoena
A yellow subpoena
FROM THE LATIN MEANING "UNDER" "POENA" FROM THE LATIN MEANING "PENIS" WHICH MEANS THIS MAN HAS GOT YOU BY THE BALLS!
Subpoena
All You Need Is Coke
There's nowhere you can
But there's no jury in
There's nothing you can
If you know how to play
It's sleazy
All you need is Coke,Coke
I'd like to reach a cop
Coke,Coke,Coke
I'd like to sell the world some coke and keep my company
Coke,Coke,Coke--it's a real sting.
Totie Fields All Over
Totie Fields All Over

EASY ASSEMBLY!
Directions:
Collect the rest of our series:
QUIET RIOT
OZZY
DRUM TALK

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

A B C D E Photo by Michael Ranchiwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50**.
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ red _____ black

C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00**.
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt**. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ sleeveless
_____ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95.**
_____ small _____ large
_____ medium _____ ex. large
_____ black _____ white _____ grey

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin**. **$5.00,** includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
_____ /Ranxerox pin.

Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle**. It's 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8¼% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM 185, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

And it would be helpful if we knew your . . .

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed $ _____

All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?